

THE IDEAL STORY FOR YOUNG AMERICAN SKATERS!

FRANK MANLEY'S

GOOD STORIES WEEKLY OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

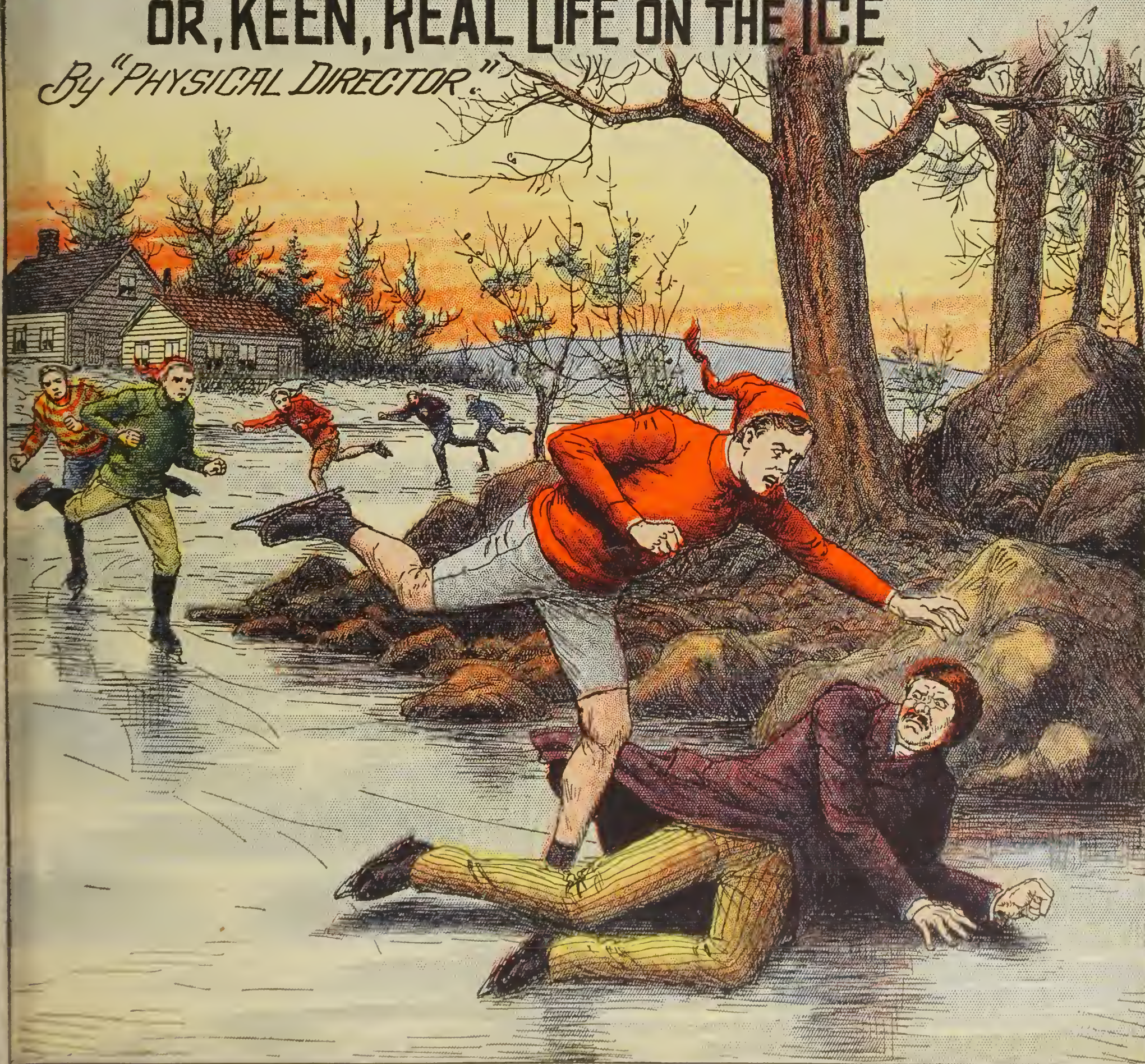
No. 15.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S — PRIZE — SKATING SQUAD; OR, KEEN, REAL LIFE ON THE ICE

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



Doogue suddenly and purposely fell to the ice. Frank was too close to avoid collision. He tripped and pitched---and then the rascal knew what it was to be amazingly sorry!

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Frank Manley's Prize Skating Squad;

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST DAY OF ICE SPORT.

"If only some one else would do this part of it!"

The complaint came, sputtering, from Cranston, one of the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Mounted on a pair of old and rather dull skates, he was vigorously yet grumblingly plying a broom.

"You want all the sport, without any of the work? Is that it, eh?" laughed Captain Frank Manley, of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

"Well, this isn't any real fun," contended Cranston.

"No; but it's a good deal like some kind of gymnastics—just the needed preparation for the fun that is to come."

Manley skated on ahead, to where the light, fluffy snow was a few inches deep in a drift.

Here he began to ply his own broom with a vigor and a silence that showed how cheerfully this young athlete would pay the bill for real, keen sport such as a healthy boy may always find on the ice.

It was Monday morning, and not much after five o'clock.

The air, that dark, early morning, was keen and nipping in the extreme, but it was just the kind of cold that makes fine ice!

All of Sunday the freezing spell had been on, and some of the more adventurous youngsters had tried the ice on that day, though on Sunday the ice was not safe far from shore.

But the last hours of Sunday afternoon had done wonders in thickening the sheet of ice that now bound the river.

In the evening, by one of those strange vagaries of climate, the air had warmed enough for a lively fall of snow while it lasted.

Probably about three inches of snow fell, but the wind piled it in drifts in exposed places like the river.

Then, late at night, the snow had stopped falling, and another "streak" of intense cold had set in.

It made for fine ice, but the drifted snow above it was discouraging.

In the towns of Woodstock and Bradford, as in many other public-spirited places, it was an understood thing that the icemen should get out with their scrapers and prepare the ice for the sport of the towns' inhabitants.

There was, however, no implied duty on the part of the icemen to open up a clear track for skaters over the distance of five miles that separated Bradford from Woodstock.

So young Captain Manley, the evening before, had arranged that.

Woodstock's young athletes were to turn out at five in

the morning and sweep away the snow where it had drifted, up to half the distance from Bradford.

Starting from Bradford, the members of Tod Owen's Bradford Club were to sweep down the river.

With so many youngsters out with brooms, it was not to be a really hard task to clear the drift-covered places in the center of the river.

Drifts closer inshore could be attended to afterwards by small boys and other volunteers.

But the local icemen of the two towns were to follow after the sweepers of the two clubs.

Manley, working as hard as any of the members, and harder than most, had led his little force two miles up the river.

And now, behind them, sounded a sharp, humming buzz.

"Here come the ice scrapers!" he shouted. "Get a move on you, fellows!"

Abandoning his own sweeping for the moment, Frank skated ahead to get an idea of how much work remained to be done, while his lieutenant, Hal Spofford, scurried back down the river to urge the young athletes to renewed efforts.

For a part of the way he had to walk on his skates over the drifted snow.

But by far the hardest part of the river had been satisfactorily cleared of snow.

"Thirty minutes of work will finish up," was the cheering message that he brought back to Hal.

"And then we've five miles of as fine skating track as a fellow ever hummed over," warmed Hal.

"Huh! Yes! Unless it snows again this forenoon," grunted Cranston.

"Don't mind Cranston," laughed Frank, as some of the other fellows showed signs of jeering. "He's knocking, this morning."

Cranston said no more, but went rather sullenly on with his work.

A yell came down the river, which was caught up by the Woodstock boys.

"There's Bradford!" shouted some one.

"Steady!" ordered Manley. "Don't neglect work, or Bradford will do more than its share of the job. Bend to, now, and show that we haven't been loafing."

To the rearward came the steadily gaining sound of the ice-scrapers.

And now, from Bradford way, came the sound of other scrapers.

Tod Owen had gotten his forces started early enough that morning.

And now, as patches of snow over the last few hundred yards remained to be swept, the young captains of the rival clubs skated ahead, stepping through low drifts, where necessary.

"Woodstock's greeting to Bradford on the ice, old fellow!" hailed Manley, and their hands met.

"Now, for the real sport of the year!" cried Tod, heartily. "Well, one club will lose to the other, but we don't care a hang which side wins."

"As long as the best men win, without fluke," added Manley.

"That's it," nodded Tod. "You always could express things better than I could, you know."

A vastly different meeting, this, from the meetings on the ice the year before.

Then, Tod had been Manley's deadly enemy. His only thought had been how to beat Manley by any foul means.

Failing in that, Tod had tried to do our hero bodily harm—had even left him to drown in the water.

But now Tod was numbered among Manley's warmest friends. The spirit of contest between the two clubs was dominated by absolute fairness, a hope that the best man would win, and always without rancor on the part of the defeated.

It was still dark when the sweeping had all been done and the scrapers had caught up and finished.

The way was clear between the two towns—the course a solid sheet of ice almost as smooth as a ballroom floor.

Woodstock and Bradford had mingled and fraternized while the scrapers were going over the last of the course.

Now, with a great whooping and shouting, the youngsters scurried for the banks, there to seat themselves and put on their better skates.

For nearly all of the members of both clubs had turned out on old skates, for the cleaning work, and had brought their best skates with them for the first real spurt of ice skating that winter.

Manley, on his racing skates, and with his old ones in the skating-bag over his left hip, came whizzing out on the ice, cutting figure after figure in his sheer exuberance.

But at last he fetched up beside the boy who had been "knocking" over the amount of work.

"Why, you didn't bring your good skates with you, did you?" asked Manley.

"No," was the short, almost stifled answer.

"Why, what's the matter, old fellow?"

"Guess these are the best I've got," said Cranston, doggedly.

"But you'll have another pair soon, won't you?"

"Guess not."

"I guess your father is holding off until Christmas," smiled Frank.

But the other boy shook his head.

"No such luck," he muttered. "Dad knows I want a good pair of skates, but he's got one of his poor fits on. It isn't as if he didn't have the money, but somehow he doesn't seem to think I need many new things."

Frank had noticed that before. It is hard on a boy not to have the things that other boys commonly have. It is unjust to him when his parents are able to supply him, but won't.

"You know that pair of racing skates in your store window," went on Cranston, as if glad to ease himself to some one.

"Yes," nodded Frank.

"I've tried hard to get dad to buy those for me, but he says times are tight and he can't afford the five dollars

Those skates would fit me to a dot—I've tried 'em on. Yet I know dad banked more'n forty dollars Saturday that he'd made in a trade. He's got more'n two thousand in bank at this minute, and owns three houses, and——"

"I've no business to stand here listening to your father's financial affairs," smiled Frank. "But I wish you had the skates. So that's what made you feel sore this morning. I'm mighty sorry if I hurt your feelings any, old fellow. And, see here!"

"Well?"

"You'd work hard to get the price of a pair of skates, wouldn't you?"

"Wouldn't I?"

"Or you'd save pennies until you got the price together."

"Guess I would, but it would be around to baseball time by the time that I got all that money saved."

"Tell you what I'll do," proposed Manley. "You take the skates and I'll charge 'em up to you. Pay me when you get the price saved."

An eager light came into Cranston's eyes, but quickly faded.

"It would take me too long to get the money together," said the boy, miserably.

"I didn't ask you how long it would take, did I?"

"No; but I've got some conscience in the matter."

"You needn't have, when I'm taking all the chances. You needn't pay me every cent you save, either, Cranston. Just pay me a little now and then."

"Oh, I'd like to, mightily, but——"

Manley caught the other boy by the shoulders and whirled him about, heading him for Woodstock.

"Cranston, you get started, and don't you stop until you hit Woodstock! Go to the store. You'll find Tom Greenheart there by this time. Tell him you're to have those skates. Don't let me catch you on the ice again until you have that pair on your shoes. Now, scoot—and scoot fast!"

As Manley saw Cranston start down the river, he turned to skate over to Hal, muttering to himself:

"I'm not going to see any fellow's fun spoiled the first day of ice sport!"

CHAPTER II.

DOOGUE ON THE SCENE.

"The two clubs ought to have a little spurt together," suggested Tod, joining the two Woodstock leaders.

"A race?" asked Manley.

"Oh, no; that ought to wait until we are more used to our skates. But suppose we take a spurt up to Bradford?"

"Good idea," nodded Manley.

Both captains blew shrilly on their whistles, summoning the members.

In a few words the idea was explained.

They formed in three squads, the first a fast one, the second for youngsters of moderate speed, and there were a few who elected to go in the third, slow squad.

Then they were off!

Click! click! click!

There was magic in the sound, glory in the sport for these healthy youngsters of two clubs who had looked forward, longingly, for weeks to just this moment.

And the course was a "grand" one.

So smoothly did the runners glide over that polished surface that skating seemed hardly like exercise.

"This is one of the days," muttered Tod, "when I wish there were no such place as school."

"I get a little of that streak every time the day is fine," laughed Manley.

"You?" demanded Tod, in astonishment. "Why, I thought you were a regular old bookworm, who'd rather hear the school bell than the breakfast bell."

"I like books for what there is in them," replied Frank. "I often get tired of books, but never of being out in air like this."

Behind them Hepnak was skating close to Hal, and, for a wonder, trying to be chummy.

But Hal could not bring himself to like this Bradford lieutenant.

Gus Hepnak was not in any whole-souled boy's class.

He was kept in office as Bradford's lieutenant, as Tod had explained to our hero, because Hepnak's father had once given rather liberally to the club; and the club did not like to drop Hepnak now that the contributions had ceased.

"You gave me a beating on skates last winter," said Tod. "I've got to try to wipe that out."

"It wasn't very much of a beating," observed Frank. "I've been observing your action as we skated along, and it doesn't seem to me at all unlikely that you'll do the winning this year."

"I'd like to win this year," uttered Tod, then instantly restrained himself.

"No, I don't know as I like the idea of beating you, Manley."

"Bosh! All victories go to the best men, and without hard feeling."

"That much is sure," nodded Tod. "That's the best of it—no hard feeling. When I think what a cure I was last year——"

"We don't talk of past times," interjected Frank, quietly. "There's too much fun, sport and good feeling in the present to bother about old times."

"The most tickled man in two towns is my dad," laughed Tod.

"Well, he is entitled to his pleasure, old fellow. Your father has worked harder than any one else to make both clubs capable and sportsmanlike."

"Dad don't say much," went on Tod, "but when he does he shows the way the wind is blowing. Yesterday he asked me what I wanted most. I asked him in what line. He said, 'Oh, anything in any old line. What do you want most?' Dad is so tickled with everything that he's wondering if there isn't something big that he can blow off his money on for me around Christmas."

"Are you going to be ready for the raees?" asked Frank, presently. "This week, I mean, if the skating holds out?"

"Yes, siree. There won't be much time for praetieing, but we don't need that in either club. We ought to have a raee this week, or a set of them. And it may not pay to wait until Saturday, either."

"Then we'll keep in touch."

"Bradford will be ready whenever Woodstock gives the word."

It was still dark when the more than three-score of skaters were rounded up off the town of Bradford.

"Five minutes for wind!" called Manley, "and then Woodstock will take a brisk five-mile whizz for home."

"Bradford will go half of the way with you," amended Tod.

After the rest the start was made, the two clubs going, this time in one squad, with permission for those who could not keep up the gait to drop out as the necessity came.

Whizz! Clip, clip, clip!

"Oh, it's glorious!" breathed little Jack Winston, as he glided close to Manley.

"How's your stomach holding out?" smiled Frank.

"Oh, I believe I shall have an appetite by the time I get home!"

"Two appetites?" laughed Frank.

"Down under my belt it begins to feel more like ten!" laughed Jackets.

"Well, here we are, half way!" called Tod, at last.

He slowed up, blowing his whistle. Bradford rallied around its captain.

As the two clubs parted, the sun, beautiful and clear, was just coming up—a splendid omen for the winter's sport.

And, as Tod's right hand flew up in the air, Bradford mouths opened, and there poured forth the heartiest kind of cheers for the rival club.

Woodstock was well down the ice by the time that the tiger came ripping forth, but Woodstock made up for the distance by volume of voice as the answering cheers went back.

Then Manley's club settled down to hard, steady skating, with but few stragglers to the rear.

A mile from town they encountered Cranston, skating toward them. He was coming like the wind. He headed straight for Manley, cutting a wide half circle at last and running up beside our hero.

"How do they go?" asked Frank, looking down at the new skates.

"Great!"

There was a world of satisfaction in that one word.

There were a few other skaters on the ice as the club reached the town. The local icemen were already busy in clearing out a big patch near the village.

Over the ice, as Manley drew up near the gym, came bounding his greatest four-footed friend, his bulldog, Towser.

"Why, hello, old fellow!" cried Frank, joyously. "What

are you doing out here without skates? So folks are up at home, eh?—or you couldn't have gotten out to look for me."

There were many sighs as the happy youngsters pulled off their skates. For many of them—most of them, in fact—it was a hardship to have to wait until afternoon for more skating.

Back to the gym they went, with the broom, and to take the bath which, with these well-trained youngsters, always followed exercise.

Manley, dressed at last, came out of the gym, followed by Towser.

Before going home to breakfast, our hero decided to go to his store.

Manley had a rival in business now—a fellow named Doogue, a surly, ill-mannered fellow, who had opened a news and stationery store on Main Street the week before.

Doogue had figured out that Manley, by his popularity, had won the more "select" trade of the town, but that there would be a chance to cut in on the trade that came from workingmen.

Doogue had been in several kinds of business ventures in his life, and had amassed a little money.

He was a coarse, illiterate fellow, not over clean, and sulky, except when he felt it peculiarly to his interests to be roughly cordial.

For some reason, Doogue had felt that from workingmen in Woodstock he could draw the trade away from Manley. So far he had not succeeded.

At the mill, for instance, Frank's newsboys sold six papers to one sold by a Doogue newsboy.

In many other directions Doogue was making strenuous efforts to get Manley's trade, and was meeting with discouraging failure.

It had been Doogue's hope to get his news store well started, and then to branch out into a butcher shop and a grocery store, also aimed at getting the workingman's trade.

His failure in the first third of the scheme was fast making Doogue furious.

Doogue's stand was on Main Street, four doors from the post-office on the other side from Manley's.

Tom Greenheart, the clerk, was busy in Manley's store as our hero entered.

"Oh, I am glad you've come, Frank!" cried Tom. "That miserable rascal, Doogue, took advantage of my being a minute late at the depot this morning, and spoiled two hundred papers for us."

"How?"

"Tore the bundles open and tore the papers up."

"Did any one see him do it?"

"No, confound it!" gritted Tom, savagely. "That's the worst of it."

"We'll keep our eyes open after this," spoke Frank, quietly.

"But what are you going to do about it this time?"

"Nothing," said Manley, as quietly as before. "While we may suspect Doogue, we can prove nothing. It would be bad judgment to accuse him when we can't back it up."

Frank left the store to walk down the street on his way home, Towser trotting at his master's heels.

Doogue was just outside his store, arranging newspapers on a stand.

He scowled as he caught sight of our hero, then stood and stared insolently.

Manley would have passed by with a nod, but Towser, scenting an enemy, stopped, growling and showing his teeth.

"Keep that dog at home, unless you want to lose him!" growled Doogue.

He reached toward his hip-pocket, a dangerous thing to do with Towser.

There would have been trouble at once had Frank not reached down and held the animal by the collar.

"The dog has a perfect right on the streets, Mr. Doogue. I will see to it that he does not harm you."

"If he ever shows his teeth to me again I'll fill him full of lead!" snarled the fellow.

"Carrying a revolver is against the town ordinances, I believe," uttered Manley, quietly.

"And you'll inform on me, I suppose?" came the angry snarl.

"Not by any means, Mr. Doogue."

"If you let that dog loose any more you're pretty sure to lose the cur."

"If he is harmed without good cause, Mr. Doogue, I shall hold whoever harms him responsible."

"Oh, looking for trouble, are you?" jeered the fellow.

"Very far from it."

"You'd like to run me off this street and out of town, wouldn't you?"

"Mr. Doogue, I'm afraid you've got the wrong idea of things," went on Manley. "If you can get any of my trade by honest competition, I shan't have any hard feelings. But you're going too far in threatening to kill my dog. By the way, I had a lot of papers destroyed this morning. If you happen to hear who did it, will you kindly ask him, for me, not to do it again?"

"Do you mean to say I did it?" demanded Doogue, beligerently.

"No; for I have no proof that you did it."

"You lie! You're telling me I did it!"

Manley's face went a trifle white, but he replied, very steadily:

"Doogue, I am afraid you don't understand our Woodstock habits yet. We don't call people liars without cause. Nor do we try to wrong people who start new business ventures here. Be square with me, and I'll be square with you. There's no reason why we can't both get along on this street. I'll look upon you as a good-hearted and good-natured, honest, rival merchant, if you'll give me any reason to."

"Fine words!" sneered the fellow. "But I tell you, Manley, that they don't go down."

After looking around to make sure that there was no one else within hearing, Doogue went on, heatedly:

"Frank Manley, you keep out of my way and hands off

of my trade, or you'll be sorry you ever saw me. If you go too far, you won't be in business here much longer. Understand?"

"I am afraid I don't—quite," said Frank, slowly, and his face rather white.

Had Doogue known it, that white face was a danger signal to heed; but there are many things that men of Doogue's stamp do not know.

"You get in my way again, you little upstart!" choked the fellow, "and something'll happen to your store. If you don't keep out of my way, you may stop breathing! See?"

Manley did "see." He recognized now, in Doogue, one of the human beasts who can become very dangerous when in an ugly mood. That Doogue was not bluffing, our hero felt very certain.

"Very well, Mr. Doogue," returned Manley, crisply. "We understand each other now, I think. But the first move in anything disagreeable will come from you—not from me."

With that, Manley turned and walked away, carrying the fretful dog in his arms.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEANEST TRICK ON ICE.

"Our first skate this winter, Frank!"

"But not our last, Kit!"

Manley and his sweetheart were out on the ice as the sun went low that glorious afternoon.

Around Woodstock there were hundreds of skaters out, but along this stretch of river, a mile above the town, the skaters were less numerous.

At the moment there were seven or eight of the Up and At 'Em Boys in sight, two or three small boys and a few couples.

Four or five miles Manley and Kitty Dunstan had skated. Kitty had become a splendid skater, and now she was eager for the more intricate figure work. They had stopped, at last, to practice some of this.

"I wish I could get that Philadelphia grapevine," suggested Kitty. "Won't you explain it to me again?"

"Why, it's really a backward figure eight," replied Manley, pausing to explain before going through the figure. "You tie the circles by doing the Philadelphia twist. Make a whole circle outside and backward on one foot, and then place the other foot down behind, outside and parallel with the first foot used. This really locks the feet together, and you make a half circle to the side of the first foot used. When this is done you make a stroke with the first foot, and the other circle is skated outside, backward. With a little practice you can keep on making these circles for quite awhile. Now, try it with me."

Frank caught her hands, and together they went carefully through the figure.

Where Kitty lost speed in making the backward circles, Manley supplied it by the momentum of his own body.

"It seems so difficult," she confessed.

"But it isn't. You'll have it all right after two or three days. Now, try it alone."

Dropping her hands, Frank skated backward a little ways, and watched, critically.

"Oh, it's so difficult!" she gasped.

"You're doing it a good deal better than you guess, Kit!"

Thus encouraged, his sweetheart made several more tries.

Then Frank put her through other fancy figures of skating.

While they were thus engaged the sun went down, and darkness came on.

"Oh, we must be getting back!" gasped Kit. "Papa will be waiting near the gym."

"We'll bustle down the river," answered Frank, adding, with a smile:

"Your father is the last one in the world with whom I want any quarrel."

They joined hands, striking out briskly as they went onward in the darkness.

They were going at full speed, when, just ahead of them, Manley saw something rise across the ice.

It looked like a rope. Whatever it was, it was a barrier, and there was no time to stop or turn—hardly a second in which to act.

There was no time to speak. Manley dropped Kit's hands like a flash.

Then, all in an instant, he threw his nearer arm around her, lifted her, and jumped.

It was the highest spring for which he could gather himself without more warning.

The jump just carried them over the obstacle.

A startled cry came from Kit at finding herself in the air.

Then she felt herself set down on her feet again, and they came to a stop.

"What——" she began.

"Wait!" sounded Manley's hoarse voice.

He had left her and was skating back.

It was, indeed, a rope over which he had leaped in the nick of time.

It had stretched across over the ice in their path, and even as he went back the end from the Woodstock bank dropped with a swish.

Like a living streak, Manley made for the shore.

There, in another twinkling, his skates were off and he was darting across the snow.

In his brief look on the ice he had noted that one end of the rope was fastened to an iron stake driven into the ice. He now found the other end of the rope leading up into a tree.

But, even as he skated for the shore, Manley saw the figure of a man drop from the tree and get over the ground swiftly.

But that other runner was no match at all for a trained sprinter.

Manley was about to reach forth and collar the fellow, when the latter halted and faced about, his eyes gleaming like a panther's eyes.

"So it's you, Doogue?" came with deadly coldness from Manley's lips.

"You bet it is!" came the ugly, snarling answer. "What do you reckon you're going to do about it?"

The answer was hardly a second in coming.

Dropping his skates, Manley made a feint, then, as Doogue made a move to guard, the young athlete closed in with his adversary.

They went down together, and then Doogue found one of his arms being held over Manley's knee in such a way that a quick pressure would break it.

"Let go of me," bellowed the wretch, trying to reach Manley with his right hand.

But Manley, with one hand, kept Doogue's face forced over to the right, and the wretch could not reach.

That bone-breaking pressure on his left arm made Doogue quiver and groan.

"What are you going to do?" demanded the fellow, with an oath.

"I'm trying to make up my mind," replied Manley, in a tone that was unnaturally calm.

Had the trick been attempted on himself alone, Frank might have been inclined to overlook it, now that he had the rascal down.

"But that dirty trick was aimed at Kit!" ground the young athlete, between his teeth. "If I hadn't seen it just when I did she'd have had a leg broken—or both!"

"Let go of me, I tell you!" snarled the under dog, "or you'll wish you had!"

"Doogue," came the stern answer, "it would be your turn to beg, rather than threaten, if begging could do any good. You've gone just a step too far this time. I'm going to fix you so that you won't be able to do any more mischief for the next two or three weeks."

When he thought of Kitty's hairbreadth escape from being maimed, all sense of pity for his enemy faded from Manley's heart.

"What are you up to?" demanded the fellow, hoarsely.

"I've a good mind to hurt you about as badly as you tried to hurt the young lady who is in my care."

"Frank!"

The sound of his name came in Kitty's shocked, appealing voice.

Scenting great mischief, she, too, had skated for the shore. She had taken off her skates and had followed swiftly.

And Kitty could do more than appeal, too.

"Frank," she said, decisively, "let that wretch go."

"But he tried to maim you."

"Let him go!"

Frank knew well enough that he could not harm Doogue with his sweetheart looking on. Yet he wanted, by slow compliance with Miss Dunstan's wish, to prolong the fellow's suspense and terror.

But Kitty touched her sweetheart lightly, yet imperiously on the shoulder.

"Let him go," she insisted.

So Frank got up slowly and unwillingly. Yet the girl's right to courtesy did not escape him.

"You are obeyed," he said, with a cold smile and a respectful bow.

Doogue, profiting by his chance, scrambled to his feet and was about to make off.

"Stop, or I'll come after you!" warned Manley, so briskly that the wretch paused at a distance of twenty feet.

"Doogue," came the cold, brittle warning that even the hearer recognized as being full of menace and danger, "hereafter, if you have any grudge to work out against me, be very careful to leave my friends out of your rascally plans, or the consequences to yourself will be swift and unpleasant. Up to now I have treated your actions as those of a poor, ignorant fool who didn't know any better. Now, I look upon you as a snake. You know how we treat a snake—by stepping upon its head and crushing it as soon as we see that head. Get along, now, before I repent having let you off this time. It will be well for you to walk straight after this."

Then, taking Kit's trembling hand in his own, Manley turned and led her in silence to the river.

He was fastening on her skates, still in silence, when there was the sound of some one falling out on the ice, followed by Hal's disgusted voice, saying:

"Well, of all the careless tricks."

"Oh, Hal!" called Frank. "That rope is fastened to an iron stake. Untie the rope and bring it in here."

Wondering, Hal obeyed.

His first look at Frank's and Kitty's faces told him that something was tremendously wrong.

"Wait until I climb the tree and throw down the other end," requested Manley, drily.

Afterward, Hal got the story.

"Oh, Miss Kitty!" cried Spofford, "why couldn't you have stayed out on the ice a minute or two longer?"

"Because I suspected what would happen," replied Kit, firmly.

"And Kit was right," broke in Manley. "My temper doesn't often get the better of me. It did this time, though. I'm glad now that this dear girl got in in time. Still, I shiver for Doogue if he makes another play against her safety!"

"The rope's brand-new," said Hal, with a queer light in his eyes. "We can use it in the gym for rope climbing—or—well, we can keep it handy for Doogue himself."

Hal skated down the river with them for some little distance, carrying the coil of new rope on his shoulder. At last he skated on ahead of them.

In the darkness Kitty was studying Frank's face, still unnaturally white.

"Frank?"

"Well, dear girl?"

"You won't carry this any further?"

"What do you mean, Kit?"

"You'll let Doogue go this time?"

"I have, haven't I?"

"But you won't take it up again, when I'm not around?"

"That's putting an awfully hard proposition, Kit. But you needn't be afraid. I shan't be so uncontrollably angry the next time I meet him."

"Frank, as far as to-night's happening goes, I want you to treat it as if it hadn't happened."

"Kit!"

But she was looking appealingly into his eyes.

"Frank, it isn't often that I really urge you to do something that goes against the grain. But this time I do ask—and insist!"

Frank looked deep into her eyes as they skated along. He saw, and realized that her whole thought in the matter was for himself.

"Very good, Kit," he said, slowly. "You are not used to asking anything of me in vain."

"And you've never told me a falsehood yet!" cried Kitty, in an access of happiness now that she knew her point was carried.

But there was trouble in the air. It was in Doogue, who could not be controlled, that the danger lay.

CHAPTER IV.

JOE KEEPS HIS EYES OPEN.

"Want some advice, Frank?"

"Always!"

"Keep your eyes on Doogue."

"Why on such a homely object, when there is so much in the world that is beautiful?" laughed Manley.

"Doogue is ugly."

"That's his chronic condition, I guess."

"And he's plotting."

"Nothing new, either, probably."

"Now, at whom would he want to hit hardest, of all the people in Woodstock?"

"Why, me, I suppose," smiled Frank.

"And he's going to hit you, too, a cowardly blow in the dark. I've been watching him," averred Joe. "I put in last evening in that task, to be explicit. Now, so far, Doogue has always stayed around his new store. Yesterday afternoon he was away. I found that out before I went on the ice. He wasn't back at the store by six. I know that, also. And all last evening he was away from the store."

"Well?" queried Frank.

"I made it my business to find out where he was during the evening. Down in one of the worst drinking places in the mill boarding house section. He was there at a table talking to two tough-looking characters. They were talking in undertones, but every now and then Doogue got excited and brought his fist down on the table. I had a good chance to watch the party through a window. At the end of the talk I saw Doogue slip some money to each of the fellows, under the table. Then they left."

"Were Doogue's companions men who live herabouts?" asked Manley, with interest.

"No; or you would have heard from me last night. At

the end of the talk the two strangers went over to the depot and took a train. Their tickets were for Bidbury."

"I know the place," nodded Frank. "It's a mill town, and Doogue has two stores there. Probably some of his helpers over in Bidbury."

"If that's all you think of it," retorted Joe, rather consolately, "I'm afraid I wasted my time last night."

"Was there anything else to excite your suspicions, Joe?"

"Well, after I had seen those two toughs get aboard their train, I went up through Main Street. Doogue was across the street from your store. He was looking over with a confoundedly evil grin until he caught sight of me. Then he faded—vanished."

"If there's any plot afloat to hurt me, Joe, what form do you think it will take?"

"That's what I can't figure out," confessed Prescott. "At first I thought the scheme might be to do some mischief to your store. But every one knows that you carry so much insurance that you wouldn't lose much through some one firing the building. But I've got my eyes open, old fellow, and I shall keep watching. In particular, I shall be on the lookout for the return of those toughs to Woodstock."

"Does any one else besides Hal and yourself know about what Doogue tried to do to me on the ice the other evening?"

"I haven't told any one a word," rejoined Joe.

"That's good. Please don't mention it."

Frank was particularly anxious that the incident on the ice should not reach Mr. Dunstan's ears.

Were John Dunstan to get an idea that his daughter ran extraordinary risk through being in Manley's company, he might do all in his power to break off the acquaintance.

Of Kit's silence, our hero felt certain.

She would not say a word that would make her father consider Manley a dangerous acquaintance.

It was Wednesday morning.

Nearly all of the Up and At 'Em Boys were out on the ice.

Now that winter had come on in earnest, the youngsters slept later, rising at a little before six, instead of an hour earlier.

But few of the boys would consent to losing the morning skate.

Ice is a fickle servant. There may be weeks of skating in a winter, or the ice may not be fit for use on more than a half dozen days during the entire season.

But, so far, the cold spell seemed destined to last for some days.

Frank and Tod had not thought it necessary, as yet, to call the races.

Both captains preferred to have more practice, both for themselves and for the racing members of their clubs.

Down near the gym this morning two scrub teams had gotten together, under Hal's direction, and were working hard at that king of winter games, ice hockey.

But Frank and Joe, who were the two fastest distance

skaters of the club, and who felt "up" in hockey work, had elected to go off up the river on a fast three miles.

They had covered the distance, and were now skating lazily on a deserted part of the river, preparatory to a fast three miles back.

"I'm mighty fond of nearly all our games," said Manley, changing the subject, "but there's something about the ice sport—I can't explain what—that makes the days on the ice the happiest of the year."

"Unless it's a rattling fast day on the diamond," observed Prescott. "But to get back to Doogue——"

"I feel like saying 'hang Doogue,'" laughed Frank.

"I wish we could," retorted Joe, devoutly. "But there's a fool law in the way that prevents us."

"Do you believe the fellow's dangerous?" questioned Frank.

"Not when you're looking right at him," replied Joe, slowly. "But he makes me think of a snake. A rattler wouldn't attack you in the open, when you have a club in your hand. But the rattler will get you every time when you're going by and don't know that the rattler is there. That's Doogue."

"I don't care if he does attack me in any fair and open manner," said Frank, seriously. "But I want him to leave Kit alone. If he even tries to annoy her, after this, there's going to be trouble of my making."

"The trouble will come fast enough," predicted Joe. "A rascal like Doogue can't be happy until he's crushed."

"That's a good deal of a bull, isn't it, Joe?"

"Well, he won't be satisfied to walk straight until he has been badly hurt."

"Whatever he does will only ruin his business chances in this town," hinted Manley.

"But a wretch like Doogue doesn't figure on being found out."

"Well, let's get in for our three miles back."

"You'll keep your eyes open, won't you, Frank?"

"I certainly shall."

"And so shall I," promised Joe.

With that they were off like the wind, Joe acting really as pacemaker to force out all his chum's best speed, for Prescott had taken a good lead at the outset.

But Manley dashed after him with vim.

Their skates flashed in the bright morning sunlight as they dashed over the ice.

But Joe, always reckless to the point of inviting disaster, turned to egg Manley on to greater speed.

At the rate they were traveling it was not possible to hear clearly.

While Joe was still talking over his shoulder and trying to make himself heard, they went flying around a bend.

There, ahead, Frank saw an air-hole that had appeared in the night.

It was a broad opening, some seven or eight feet across.

"Look out, Joe;" shot from our hero's lips.

But Prescott mistook the warning.

By the time that Joe, attracted by Manley's frantic gesture, turned around to look ahead, it was too late.

Right at his feet yawned the air-hole, and Joe was going at whizzing speed.

Splash! Joe was through and under, like a flash.

And now Manley had to slow up with care, for he remembered how treacherously thin the ice was around that opening.

As he went nearer, Frank's heart sank, for Joe had not reappeared.

"Far under the ice, and lost his way!" thought Frank, with sudden, sickening dread.

Cautiously he slid up to the air-hole. Carefully he went down at full length, with his feet nearest the air-hole.

The easiest way to help Joe to find the opening in the ice would be to thrust a pole or something down into the water.

Seeing that, the boy under the ice could swim for it and get his head once more above water.

But there was no pole at hand, nor any time to hunt for one.

So it was Manley's purpose to get cautiously into the water and to let his legs hang down as a guide to Joe.

Crack! The ice gave way under our hero just as he slid his legs into the water.

He managed, however, to bear so little weight on the edge of the ice that, by vigorously "treading" in the freezing water he was able to maintain his position.

Joe, groping around blindly under the ice for the lost opening, could not fail to see those moving legs and swim for them.

But seconds seemed like minutes to the anxious Manley.

The time slipped by without any sign of Joe.

"I've got to let go and dive under," muttered Manley. "Heaven grant that I don't get lost, too, or we're both done for."

Filling his lungs with air, Frank let go of the ice, turned turtle and went under.

Yes, there was Joe, eight or ten feet away, striking out a little, but acting queerly.

Like a flash the situation dawned on our hero.

Joe had gone under in the act of talking. He had gulped in a great mouthful of water, and could not expel it.

Poor old Joe was fighting desperately against unconsciousness, dimly hoping for safety, yet unable to think what to do.

At the first opening of his mouth, drowning would follow at once.

"He's got to be gotten out with a rush!" choked Manley, inwardly.

With two swift strokes under the ice he was at Prescott's side, got him by the collar, and, like a flash, turned to swim back.

But where was the opening of that fearful air-hole?

Manley had taken enough strokes, he knew, to have reached the opening in the ice.

In the early morning light all the water down there looked to be of the same color.

At noon there would have been a greater flood of light

where there was no ice. That would have given guidance enough.

But now Frank realized, with a fearful dread, that he could not locate the opening in the ice unless by luck.

For one terrible moment he lay still in the water, husbanding wind and strength with grim despair.

Another mistake, and both must drown!

Joe was already motionless—limp.

There was nothing to do but to swim and to chance it!

With an inward prayer Manley turned slightly, and once more struck out.

It seemed hopeless!

But ah! There, three or four feet over at the left, the light really seemed stronger.

In his desperation, Manley chanced it.

Fate was in his favor that time. His already whirling head shot up into fresh, pure air!

With an inward thought of thanksgiving, Manley pulled his unconscious chum out from under the ice.

Frank's strength had been going fast, but now, with so much air at hand, he felt almost a giant.

At the first rush of air, and with Joe safe, our hero began to tread water.

And here, coming toward them, was a man on skates.

"Help!" shouted Manley, in a voice that seemed suffocating.

The skater slowed up to take a look.

Then Frank's heart sank indeed.

For the man was Doogue!

CHAPTER V.

IT'S DOOGUE'S MOVE.

Skating up the river on business that only he himself knew, Doogue had not expected any such meeting as this.

He was trailing after him a pole some six feet in length, a stout and serviceable pole that looked more like an elongated bludgeon.

Frank Manley was so amazed over this meeting that, for a few seconds, he did not know what to say.

He trod water vigorously, waiting for this enemy to make the first move.

"Hullo!" jeered the wretch.

His eyes danced with a wicked light.

"Want to get out, I s'pose?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," Manley admitted.

"Good thing I'm here, then!"

"If you're going to help, be quick about it," begged Manley. "My friend here is unconscious now, and can't be kept waiting."

"I'll not keep either of you waiting," chuckled Doogue.

First the wretch turned to take a swift survey of the neighborhood.

They three were alone there, with no other human being to see.

With a good deal of care, Doogue worked his way closer to the opening.

That rascal did not intend that he, in any event, should go through the thin ice.

But at last, on his knees, Doogue got close enough so that he could reach out over the water with his pole.

"Just rest it over the opening," advised Frank, getting as close as he could, and still supporting Joe's limp form.

"Oh, I'll rest it all right!" jeered the villain.

With both hands he swung the wood aloft.

Manley, with a sense of fearful horror, comprehended.

With a backward lurch, he carried Joe and himself just out of reach.

Splash! The short pole hit the water, dashing it over the faces of the two Up and At 'Em Boys, but not harming them.

"What are you doing there?" hailed Manley, sharply.

"Pleasing myself!" came the ugly chuckle.

"Man alive, do you mean to murder us?" gasped Frank, his face going white more from horror than from personal fear.

"Well, I don't mean that you shall get out of the water just yet—that's sure."

Still with his snake-like eyes gleaming at the boys, Doogue edged cautiously around on the ice for a position from which he could deliver a more "satisfactory" blow.

"You fiend!" gasped Manley, his brain whirling with the hideousness of this dastardly business.

"Well, I hain't pretended to be no friend of yours," jeered the wretch. "Just at the present minute I guess I've got you just about where I want you!"

He raised the pole once more, for another attempted blow, but Manley was watching him.

As the blow fell, our hero again surged backward, just out of reach.

"Looks as if my bit of wood is just too short to get at you with," mumbled the scoundrel, still regarding the two boys attentively with his beady, repulsive eyes. "Oh, well, it don't matter much. I can keep you from getting out, anyway! Nice and warm in there, ain't it?"

Frank felt frozen almost stiff. His cheeks and lips were purplish blue from the intense cold. His teeth were chattering.

And nowhere on this broad sheet of ice a human being to whom he could turn for safety from this inconceivable fiend!

Then, in this last extremity, Manley had a sudden idea.

In the pocket of his skating shirt rested the signal whistle that he used as captain of the club.

Supporting Joe with one arm, treading water for all his freezing legs were worth, keeping two vigilant eyes turned full on the crafty Doogue, Manley reached for that whistle with his disengaged hand.

So cold and shaking was that poor hand that he almost missed the whistle.

Even when he got it in his mouth it was all he could do to close his lips over the metal, so badly was he chattering from the cold of the freezing water.

But the whistle sounded, feeble and faltering.

"Want me to blow it for you?" mocked the fiend who

crouched there, devouring his young enemy with his evil, baleful eyes.

Then Frank rallied, blowing with the desperation that can come from rage blended with deadly dread.

Loud and clear rang the trill this time. Manley kept on blowing, of a truth, blowing for dear life!

And then, from around the bend, came a blessed answer.

Ah! Now help would be at hand with all that amazing speed at which the Woodstock boys could skate!

For the sound of the answering whistle convinced Frank that his call had been recognized as the appeal for help.

Click! click! click!

Here they came—more than a half dozen of the fellows, with Hal Spofford at their head, for the hockey game was over.

And now Doogue underwent a sudden and startling transformation.

For he threw himself flat on the ice, reaching out as far as he could with the pole held over the surface of the water.

"Get hold of the pole, Manley, and hold on. Don't try to get out until there's some one here to help me. You're all right now!"

And so good an actor was Doogue, under the spur of danger to himself, that the look he bestowed upon our hero was almost benevolent.

Frank gasped at this sudden, complete change of front, then smiled grimly.

"Down on your stomachs, fellows, and string out in a line!" yelled Hal, as he skated close. "I'll get next to the air-hole. Humphrey, get hold of my heels, for I may break through. Some one else hold Humphrey's heels."

The line was quickly formed, and Hal's head showed at the edge of the air-hole.

"Look out, Mr. Doogue. We can handle this ourselves," observed Hal. "Come toward me, Frank. Poor old Joe! Nothing that a minute won't fix, I hope."

Hal had hold of Joe by the collar, dragging him slowly out and passing the limp form back to where Humphrey could get hold.

Thus Joe was safely out. Manley followed.

"Good work!" approved Doogue, joyously. "You boys know how to do things up just like it was a drill."

One of the skaters there was who had taken no part in the line.

He stood back a little way, waiting for Joe to be passed to him.

This was Inow Sato, the Japanese student member of the club, the club's instructor in jiu-jitsu.

"Let Joe lie down," ordered Sato, coolly. "Turn him over on his face. That is it. Now we shall soon find that Joe is alive."

Just an instant the young Jap spent in feeling at the base of Joe's spine.

Then Sato struck two swift, brisk, rather hard blows at that point of the drowning boy's backbone.

There was a gasp, a little ripple, and a stream of water flowed through Prescott's lips.

"That's good," said the Jap, smoothly.

He struck one more blow at the spine, and Joe's eyes opened.

Gently the waiting Woodstock youngsters raised Joe, now, to a sitting posture, seized his arms and began to make them revolve.

Prescott was muttering faintly now. Soon, with his skates off, he was standing up on the ice, and, supported by his companions, was made to walk about.

"Take him ashore, and make him run," ordered Sato. "When he can, get him on his skates and get him to the gym for rub-down."

Thus little trouble did the Woodstock boys, with their knowledge of the Japanese art of revivification, make of a case of seeming drowning.*

"It's a lucky thing so many of us happened to be within call," remarked Doogue oilily to Hal.

"You've changed your role a little since Monday evening," muttered Hal, drily.

"Oh, well, of course, I couldn't see human beings drown before my eyes," protested the wretch.

Manley, as soon as he had seen Joe in safe hands, had begun to skate at his best speed for the sake of chasing the chill from his body.

But now, slightly warmed, he headed straight for Doogue.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOG HAS HIS DAY.

As he approached, Frank Manley's face was white, but his eyes blazed with a fearful light.

There was the look in his eyes that comes into the orbs of men when they have resolved upon what they regard as a righteous killing.

Not that Manley, for one moment, thought of killing this wretch.

In the first place, Doogue was not worthy of so much anger.

In the next place, Manley had a huge respect for every life except his own.

But that Doogue must be punished, and severely at that, was certainly fully recognized by this righteously angry young athlete.

"What are you looking so mad about?" faltered Doogue. "I did my best to get you out. But I couldn't do it alone. I——"

"Silence, you infernal liar!" thundered Manley, shaking in his wrath.

Hal stared at his chum as if he feared that that ordinarily level-headed young leader had gone mad.

* This simple feat of restoring life in one apparently dead, has been practiced successfully by the Japanese for centuries, but is almost unknown here. The feat performed by Sato will be found fully described in No. 11 of Frank Manley's Weekly. Any reader can easily master this very simple yet wonderful secret.—Editor.

"What's wrong, Frank?" demanded Spofford. "Doogue was trying to help you out, wasn't he?"

"Of course I was!" cried Doogue.

It had looked so to all of the boys who had skated up to take part in the rescue.

"This scoundrel," vibrated Frank, pointing a denouncing finger at the wretch, "pretended to be helping us when he saw so many of you approaching. But when he thought he was alone with us he tried to knock me senseless with that pole. Finding that he could not quite reach us, he settled himself to watch us drown!"

There was not one among the youths who heard that doubted Manley's straightforward statement.

It was well known to them all that Manley was not a liar.

Not even in the heat of passion would he knowingly distort the truth.

But Doogue, ignorant though he might be, was not lacking in craft.

A born actor, too, he recoiled from Manley in well-feigned astonishment.

"Hear the lad!" he gasped. "Why, I was risking my life to save them both. Boys, your captain is out of his head and needs looking after. I don't wonder that his narrow squeak with death has turned his head. But get him to town quick and look after him!"

Doogue's acting, clever though it was, fooled none of the onlookers.

"The fellow lies!" repeated Manley, sternly. "He can't tell the truth. I have told you what happened. He tried to murder us!"

Then from the angry boys went up a yell that caused Doogue's face to blanch.

"Lynch him!"

"Chuck him in the water!"

"Drown him!"

There was a rush for the wretch.

Doogue, utterly frightened, at last found his knees trembling so under him that he was too weak to try to make his escape.

The boys closed in upon him threateningly.

Not one of them had any real desire to see the fellow's life taken.

But they were, for the moment, under the same influence of deadly rage that sometimes sways mobs of usually calm men to deeds of violence.

But Manley darted in before them, turned his back upon the frightened wretch, and faced his own friends.

"Back!" he ordered, quietly, but so firmly that the rush was stopped, and the excited youngsters began to come to their senses.

"There are other ways of dealing with this lying, murderous scoundrel," cried Frank, his voice still vibrating with anger, though he strove hard to be calm. "Remember, fellows, that we are not judge and jury. It is for me to punish him—and I have other provocations that you do not know of."

Hal nodded. He knew, if none of the others did.

"I'm going to give this hideous human reptile a good

drubbing," went on Frank, more coolly. "The rest of you may see, if you wish, but I ask that no one interfere or offer to help me. Leave him to me!"

Though Doogue still looked highly uneasy, he was beginning to get some of his nerve back.

"Manley," he protested, "you want to be mighty careful what you try to do to me."

"That is a matter that I will decide without your help," retorted Frank, contemptuously. "Hal, don't let the skunk get away."

Wishing to take time for his anger to cool a little, and also for the sake of warming his chilled blood, Manley skated over to the shore to see how Joe was coming on.

But Prescott was now able to move, and Sato and Humphrey were getting his skates on.

"You'll hurry him down to the gym for a good rub-down?" begged Frank.

"Surely," nodded the Jap, quietly.

Then Manley skated back to the little crowd out on the ice.

"Doogue," directed the young athlete, "head toward Woodstock and get busy with your feet. I'll give you a fair chance to get away. But if I overtake you—then it's your turn to feel sore. Start!"

Hal gave the fellow a hard shove. Doogue's feet began to fly. He was no mean skater, as it proved.

But Manley was after him with the speed of a sprinter on steel runners.

After them both came the other fellows, helter-skelter.

Doogue looked fearfully back over his shoulder.

Manley was fast closing up the gap between them.

Acting more on instinct than on reason, Doogue veered and headed for the mouth of a little creek that emptied into the river.

In and up the creek he shot.

But here, amid the turnings, he lost speed.

Manley was close upon him.

"You won't get much further!" clicked angry Frank, as he bounded after his man.

"You'll be sorry!" shouted Doogue.

"Then there'll be two of us!" jeered the young athlete.

Doogue suddenly and purposely fell to the ice.

Frank was too close to avoid collision.

He tripped and pitched over that prostrate body—and then the rascal knew what it was to be amazingly sorry!

For Manley was much too clever at jiu-jitsu to be caught by a shallow trick like this.

As he felt himself going down, brief though the instant was, Frank brought down the point of one elbow so that it struck just over one of his enemy's kidneys.

"Oh!" groaned the wretch, and then began to sob.

The pain was certainly intense, but the injury would not last for long.

Manley, who had used the other's body as a buffer to save himself from injury, got upon his feet just as the other fellows whizzed up.

"He's shamming!" muttered Hal.

"No, he isn't," negatived Manley. "It was a bad blow

that I gave him, but it won't last for long. It ~~saves~~ him from further punishment, though, for it wouldn't be fair for me to thrash a fellow who is so weak from a kidney blow. Doogue, you scoundrel, you tricked me that far, that you've escaped a worse dose of another kind!"

None went near to help the fallen, sobbing wretch to his feet.

Doogue slowly got up on his skates, and started away, though he went slowly and wobblingly.

But Manley, after another contemptuous look, skated down the creek, followed by his fellows.

On their way down the Up and At 'Em Boys passed Joe and his momentary guardians.

Not much time was lost in reaching the gym.

There the two who had so narrowly escaped drowning were stripped. Willing hands rubbed both youngsters down until the skin glowed.

Frank and Joe followed this by exercising until the perspiration came.

Then, after a bath and dressing they felt, hardy young athletes that they were, that all danger from their exposure was past.

Then they started to leave the gym.

But as they reached the office the outer door opened.

Chief of Police Griscomb stepped in, followed by the exultant-looking Doogue.

"There's your man, Chief!" cried the scoundrel, pointing at Manley.

"Why, what's this?" demanded Frank, astounded.

"Sorry, Manley," replied the Chief, "but it's a matter of business that I can't avoid. I don't begin to say I think there's any truth in the charge. But Mr. Doogue has gone before the justice and has sworn that you libelled him grossly, and then afterward did him great bodily harm. The result is that I have a warrant for your arrest. I cannot very well avoid serving it."

Doogue glared mockingly at our hero's thunder-struck face.

In a flash Manley understood it all.

There was no proof of his unsupported word that Doogue had tried to drown them. Joe, unconscious at the time, could not support Manley's charge.

Therefore, to accuse Doogue of an attempt at murder, and not to be able to sustain the charge, made it a criminal libel on Manley's part.

Added to that was the punishment of Doogue, unjustifiable as far as proof went.

And the worst of it was that the Up and At 'Em Boys, unless they perjured themselves, would be obliged to furnish the evidence to sustain the villain.

"Oh, you'll pay the piper now!" sneered the complainant in this lying case.

It had been cleverly done.

Frank Manley was well trapped!

If it be true that every dog has his day, then this cur of a Doogue was surely having his day now.

"I'm sorry, Manley," repeated Chief Griscomb, "but

you understand that when a warrant is placed in my hands——”

“Of course I understand,” clicked Frank, with an outward show of far more composure than he felt. “You can’t help doing your duty, chief. Well, I’m ready to go with you.”

The air was full of loud, angry murmurs, but Doogue, with the chief of police at hand, felt supremely safe.

“We’ll find bail for you, easily enough,” volunteered Griscomb, as he and his prisoner stepped outdoors, followed by the whole indignant crowd.

“Oh, there’ll be no difficulty about that,” assented Manley, with outward calm.

“You see,” went on the chief, “the complainant went to the justice’s house for the warrant. But in the matter of bail we’ll have to wait until court opens.”

As in a trance, the Up and At ’Em Boys followed their leader to the station-house.

Manley, while waiting for court to open, was not submitted to the indignity of being placed in a cell.

Yet he was none the less a prisoner—and a prisoner, at that, on a charge from which, under the strange circumstances, he might have the greatest difficulty in clearing himself.

Beyond a doubt, this was Doogue’s day, with a vengeance!

CHAPTER VII.

WOODSTOCK’S FAST SQUAD.

Several of Dr. Holbrook’s best pupils were late at the morning session at the academy.

For Hal and Joe, Sato, Jackets, Bob Everett and others did not even think of school for a while.

Frank was in trouble—or, at least, what looked like trouble.

These loyal souls could not believe that their leader could get into any real trouble.

Yet they were so anxious that they remained at the police station until it was time to go over to the courtroom.

No sooner were the doors open than Mr. Doogue appeared, accompanied by his attorney.

The latter was named Deekins. He came from Barberville, where he enjoyed an unpleasant reputation as a tricky shyster.

A minute later Frank Manley, escorted by Griscomb and accompanied by a half-score of Up and At ’Em Boys, stepped into the room.

Manley had no attorney. He knew well enough that, on this morning, he would need none.

Judge Lee, having no other cases to consider, turned to Manley at once.

“I am sorry to see you here, Manley,” observed the Court.

“Sorry to be here, Your Honor,” replied Frank, blithely.

“But I shall hope to offer evidence that will leave nothing for Your Honor to do but discharge me. I shall need some time, however, and I ask Your Honor to continue the case for one week.”

“I object,” shouted Deekins, leaping to his feet.

“The demand for a week’s continuance is entirely reasonable,” replied Judge Lee, mildly. “The hearing will go over for a week.”

“But, Your Honor——” protested Deekins.

“The hearing has been adjourned,” smiled the Court. “The prisoner will be released on one thousand dollars’ bail, if offered.”

Smith, the local druggist, was in court for that purpose.

While Doogue stood looking fumingly on, the bail bond was made out and signed.

Frank Manley was free for one week.

As the Up and At ’Em Boys came down the stairs they found Doogue, Deekins and a few loungers at the curb.

“If any one thinks he can get away by means of local pull,” said Doogue, loudly, “he will find that, if discharged in the lower court, he will be indicted by the grand jury, anyway, and tried on the evidence in another town.”

“Hush up!” commanded Lawyer Deekins.

“Well, I don’t want any one to figure that pull in his home town can get him off on such a charge as this,” retorted Doogue, hotly.

Then the lawyer got his arm inside his client’s, and led him away.

“As for us,” smiled Frank, “school claims us, I think, as soon as we can get a bit of breakfast.”

Breakfast! Several of the fellows felt that the turn of affairs this morning had killed the sharpest appetites.

As for Frank, he hurried home. Of course he could not avoid telling his mother what had happened, but he made light of the trouble so successfully that his mother seemed more annoyed than worried.

Then our hero stepped to the telephone. He told Kitty Dunstan, briefly, what had happened.

“Oh, that’s nothing!” was Kit’s laconic message. “Before you get through with him that fellow Doogue will be glad of your permission to leave town!”

That was the kind of a girl to have!

Laughing, Manley hung up the receiver and went to his breakfast.

Yet Frank could not bring to himself a wholly care-free mind that morning.

He could not deny that Doogue’s charge was a serious one in the eyes of the law.

Moreover, the rascal had a wonderfully good and clear case.

“Don’t you bother about Doogue,” Joe found chance to whisper. “He’ll leave town if I have to run all the way behind him with a red-hot poker.”

“Then you’d be in trouble with me,” Manley smiled back.

“Trouble nothing!” retorted Joe.

Hal was wondering if they could not connect Doogue with the dastardly effort of Monday evening, and thus put the rogue on his own defense.

But Hal had to admit that this looked hopeless, for even Kit Dunstan, the first to reach our hero after he had fouled with Doogue, had not gotten there in time to be able to swear, of her own knowledge, that Doogue had been found in guilty proximity to the shore end of the rope.

"That wouldn't help us any," sighed Hal. "Oh, well, we've a week in which to do something."

But Manley's idea of "doing something" startled them.

At noon he merely passed word around for all the members of the club to be on the ice after school that afternoon.

"Tod and I have agreed upon Saturday afternoon for the races," he announced. "So this afternoon we'll organize our prize skating squad."

"But about Doogue——" Hal ventured.

"Oh, we'll take care of him at the first opportunity," was all Manley answered. "I shan't forget his affair with me."

Yet, if any of the youngsters thought that Manley was indifferent to his legal peril, they were in error.

His mind was keenly alive to the topic. He would do all that he could to escape from Doogue's net.

But just at present there seemed to be nothing that could be done to further the escape.

So Frank turned with full vim to the racing details.

Few boys in Woodstock walked away from school in the afternoon.

Most of them, skates under arm, ran to the river.

Few were out on the ice, however, sooner than the Up and At 'Em Boys.

At the signal from Hal's whistle the Woodstock Juniors rallied around Manley on the ice.

"There are to be five events with Bradford, Saturday afternoon," called out Captain Manley. "We want two starters for each race."

"Can any member enter more than one race?" queried Jackets.

"No."

Winston's face fell at this announcement. He had wanted to enter in the three sprints.

"The distances," went on Frank, "will be one hundred yards, two hundred and twenty yards, a quarter, a mile and the big five-mile distance race. Now, then, all the sprinters to the line for the hundred yards!"

Hal and Joe skated down the ice to the finish line. Manley lined his sprinters up, ready for the signal.

"Remember," warned Frank, "that in a sprint all depends on the swift start. Remember, also, that a fellow who is so eager that he makes a premature start can't be rated as much good. Now, then—all ready!"

Four youngsters were out there on the line.

Yet not one of the other three had any hopes of beating Jackets.

It was really a trial for second honors.

At the blast the four were off.

They started well in a bunch, but here it was that superior skating showed.

Jackets, with his great but easy steam, shot out ahead of the rest, though just when he did so it was difficult to see.

But there he was, ahead, with Jim Larabee second.

"Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard men!" called Frank.

There were five out to be tried at this distance.

It was Jack Hollister first, Si Prentiss second.

Then the quarter. McGuire came first in this, with Cranston second.

And then the mile. Sato took Hal's place, while Spoford skated down to the line with the other starters.

It was Hal first, though not with ease, for Humphrey finished the mile barely ten yards behind the young lieutenant.

"Now, as to the five-mile," called Manley, "it has seemed to me that Joe and I will make the best showing. But this is not a matter of opinion. It must be a test, if there are any other aspirants. Any members who feel that they can beat either Joe or myself will please step forward, and the trial will be made."

There was a pause. But not a member stirred to skate forward.

"Very good, then," nodded Manley. "To Joe and myself must be left the honors in the five-miler—if we can carry them away from Bradford. This is all, now, fellows. Our prize skating squad is picked. From now until Saturday each member of the squad is expected to work hard for the line of work in which he is to enter.

"Yet remember, please, that skating alone is not all the training required.

"Every member of the squad is expected to be as careful as possible over his rest and food. Every fellow is to do all possible to get himself in his best condition, and to keep himself there.

"Do not neglect the gymnasium. On the track run the distances that you are to skate on the ice, and run them at your best, or nearly so.

"Take care of your wind. Spend at least half an hour every day on your breathing drill.*

"Don't forget that, above all, a skater must keep himself limber. Therefore, in the gym, do plenty of work with the bells, clubs, pulley-weights and vaulting the horses.

"But our skaters, and the sprinters especially, should leave all the heavy gym work alone until after the races. The rowing machine won't do any harm, nor will a little of the horizontal bar work; but all work with heavy weights and other heavy apparatus should cease until the races are over."

Then, with a wave of his hand, Manley dismissed the club. Those who were to find places in the races hurried away for practice.

While Joe waited, our hero skated over to the edge of the ice, where several members of the girls' club had stood looking on.

"Young ladies," smiled Frank, "I am sorry, indeed, to seem ungallant. But those of us who are to race on Saturday will have to spend nearly all of their time on the ice in actual practice. I hope, therefore, that if any of

* Frank Manley's best breathing drill, for improving chest capacity and racing wind, is fully described in No. 27 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*.—Editor.

our boys seem inattentive during the next few days they will be excused."

"Excused, indeed," replied Kitty Dunstan, promptly. "And especially those who bring skating laurels to Woodstock."

"Which all of us hope to do," smiled Frank.

Yet at a slight signal from our hero, Kitty skated out to meet him, and, hand-in-hand, they skated a little way.

"You are not worried over my new trouble?" Frank asked her.

"Of course not," she answered, stanchly. "Are you?"

"To be wholly honest," Frank replied, "I can hardly help it, of course. Doogue has certainly got me in something of a fix, for what evidence there is goes all his way. But if you mean to ask me whether my fighting grit is gone—it isn't. That's all."

"Oh, you'll beat him out, my dear."

"I mean to, Kit. But it's going to take a lot of thinking to see the way. And now, dear, Joe is waiting for me. We've got some hard work to do on runners."

Releasing his hand, Kitty went off on an outward swing as Frank raised his skating cap.

A signal to Joe, and that chum skated up.

"The full five miles?" asked Prescott.

"Yes; and at the best time we can make. Go!"

These two champions for the distance event whizzed away amid a roar of applause from Woodstock onlookers.

And now, with all other thoughts thrown to the wind, Frank Manley kept his mind keenly intent only on the work that should win out on Saturday.

CHAPTER VIII.

HEK TALKS SPEED ON ICE.

"Say, is this skating weather?" breathed Hal, ecstatically.

"If it is, it's made to order," glowed Frank.

They stood at the edge of the ice, as yet not attired for the races.

Saturday had come around at last, even to the afternoon. It was now a half hour before the time for the first race.

A more ideal skating day could not have been imagined.

All the week it had been cold, and the ice was in excellent, solid condition.

This afternoon it was bright and sunny. The air was just cold enough to keep the ice smooth and firm.

The ice scrapers had been over the courses, from which the general public now kept away in order that the frozen tracks might not be cut or even marred.

Yet, closer inshore more than a thousand people, men, women, boys and girls were skating about in the effort to keep warm enough.

On shore there were scores of sleighs drawn up along the bank.

At least thirty per cent. of the spectators were people who had come down from Bradford to see the events.

The Bradford Club was over at the Woodstock gym, making itself thoroughly at home in this domain of the hospitable Woodstock boys.

All of the officials of to-day's races were Barberville skating enthusiasts.

Everything promised the greatest fairness for the tests—even to the grand spirit of fair play that prevailed between the two clubs.

"This makes me think of a day something less than a year ago when I was over here," said a familiar voice at Frank's elbow.

It was Hek Owen who had spoken—Hek, the father of Tod Owen, captain of the Bradfords.

Hek, in his wealthy old age, had become the patron saint of his son's club.

It was he who furnished funds for the club, when funds were needed. It was Hek, an old-time professional athlete and wrestler, who now undertook the burden of the training of the Bradfords.

For nearly a year Hek had been forced to witness the frequent defeat of the Bradfords by the nimbler Woodstock boys.

Yet Bradford had had its days of success, and these days were slowly becoming more frequent.

It was Hek's firm belief that he could bring the Bradfords to such a pitch of perfection in athletics that they would eventually surpass the champion Woodstocks.

"And, once we get ahead of you," Hek was fond of saying, "you'll find that Woodstock will never again catch up with Bradford. Don't I know?"

Just now Hek had referred to the race of the year before, in which Manley had, though with difficulty, beaten Tod Owen in a five-mile race.

"We've got a different club from what we had the last time you youngsters met on runners," Hek went on.

"A very different club," Frank promptly admitted.

"More winnings to our credit nowadays," pursued Hek.

"There used to be so few to Bradford's credit that the contests were almost uninteresting," rallied Hal.

"Lad," rejoined Hek, solemnly, "that day will never come again. If you get anything from our lads in these days you'll have to work for it. Don't I know?"

"We always did have to work," went on Frank. "We never took anything easily from Bradford."

"What's that?" demanded Hal, suddenly, all attention.

For, from a group on the shore lower down the bank, came these words:

"Ten to eight that Owen beats Manley in the last race!"

"Who's that lunatic?" quivered Spofford, turning and looking hard.

"Doogue," said Frank, indifferently. "By the looks of the package of money he's showing he's prepared to go rather heavy against me."

"Well, he's getting a chance to place plenty of his money," retorted Hal.

Doogue was in the centre of a group of mill employes who were giving a portion of their Saturday half holiday for a look at the races.

"That fellow is expressing my sentiments as to the race," muttered Hek. "But I'd sooner see any one else backing my lad."

"His money's going fast," muttered Hal, still eyeing the bettors who flocked around the rogue.

"Here you are! Ten to eight against Manley! Ten-eight! Ten-eight! Ten-eight that Manley is second horse—or worse—to-day!"

"Maybe he's right," smiled Manley.

"Ugh!" shivered Hal. "It would give me chills to see that fellow with money on your defeat. Frank, I never wanted to see you win more than to-day!"

"Then I'll see that he does," announced a laughing voice behind them, and Tod Owen stepped into the group. "Do you really want to win to-day, Frank?"

"Of course I do," replied our hero, quickly. "But not a thrown race. I want to win only a fair race, thank you."

Still Tod looked inquiringly at our hero.

"No; it's good of you, old fellow," Frank went on, in an undertone. "Of course I want to win, as I always want to win when I go into any event. But there would be no satisfaction in winning a race that was passed to me—not even for the pleasure of seeing Doogue lose his greasy money. Beat me, if you can, Tod, and I'll do the same by you. Each of us must go in determined to win. But, just the same, I appreciate your offer of a race that you want for yourself."

Now the preparations out on the courses showed that the time was near at hand for the start.

Then out came Jackets and Larabee, Distleigh and Colson from Bradford. They hurried from the gym, down to the little wharf, where friends waited to adjust their skates for them.

"Any opinions as to this sprint?" asked Frank.

"Distleigh is the better Bradford man," replied Tod, cautiously.

"And he beat Jackets on a track sprint, you know," hazarded Hek.

"That's what makes Winston dangerous to-day," retorted Hal, warmly. "He's crazy to pay Distleigh back for the only defeat he ever met."

"Distleigh is too big and long-legged for your little man," declared Hek. "It'll be even easier work on the ice than it was on the track."

Frank refused to express an opinion, though he had one, and a firm one.

All the members of this quartette looked on with eager interest from the edge of the course, to which they had moved while talking.

There stood the hundred-yard men close to the line.

Now, at the word, they moved into place, toeing the scratch with great precision.

A tense moment, and then they were off—whizz!

"Winston!"

"No; Distleigh!"

It depended, really, on the point of view.

Though these two leaders made wonderfully swift starts,

they were side by side at the first twenty yards, and nearly so at sixty.

But Jackets, with that swift forward hitch that Manley had taught him, now got a trifle in the lead. He had it at ninety yards, though Distleigh was working like a steam engine.

And here they were over the line, Winston leading by hardly three feet—but leading, none the less!

Done in ten and three-fifths seconds! A sprint like this does not keep the onlookers guessing long.

Jackets came back with a quiet smile of satisfaction on his face, which not even the plaudits of the spectators could increase.

He had beaten the only sprinter who had ever defeated him, and that was enough.

And now the men were going out for the two hundred and twenty yards.

Hollister looked confident, Prentiss doughty. Shirley and Moore glided out for Bradford.

Another event in which the suspense does not last for long.

They were at the line and off, these young skaters who moved to the tune of loud cheers.

Then the crowd stopped and held its breath.

How these youngsters were flying, and all in a bunch!

Then it was over. Shirley the winner by a record of twenty-one and a fifth seconds.

It was wonderfully good junior time—but made by a Bradford man, Manley remembered.

Hek was jubilant.

"Don't I know?" he whispered to Frank, as Hal left and hurried to the gym to put himself in readiness for the mile.

It was Evans, of Bradford, who kept them waiting for the start of the quarter.

But he hurried down to the ice at last, though he attended leisurely to the fitting of his skates.

Bransen, who was to do the quarter with him, was whirling nimbly back and forth over the edge ice.

McGuire and Cranston, who had tested their skates thoroughly, now waited impatiently near the starting line.

But at last Evans was ready. He took two or three swift dashes, then glided over to the officials.

And now they were at the line. But Frank and Joe were hurrying toward the gym to attend to their own dressing.

Our two young five-milers were busy getting into their tights when the cheers outside told them that it was over. this quarter-mile.

"Wonder who got it?" quivered Hal, who, also in the locker-room, was now tying up his skating shoes.

But they were not long in doubt, for Jackets came in with the news.

"Evans—Bradford!" grunted the little fellow.

"What on earth ailed McGuire?" questioned Frank.

"Went like a good one, but Evans went just a little faster. He won by three yards, about. Poor Cranston came in last of all. Guess he isn't used to his new skates. But he's fearfully worried, just the same."

"Oh, pshaw!" uttered Frank. "Some one has to win, and some one else has to lose. But say! We've lost two of the five events already!"

"If I lose the mile," growled Hal, standing up, "I'll resign."

"No, you won't," retorted Frank. "We wouldn't let you."

"I'd ought to resign, if I lose."

"Then, if Joe and I lose, we ought to get out of the club, too—is that what you mean?"

"Of course I don't," grunted Hal. "But I've got Hepnak against me."

Hal said no more, for just then Tod came back into the locker-room from the gym.

Not a word from Lon Humphrey. It was the first time that he had been picked to run with one of the club's leaders like Hal. Humphrey was silent and anxious.

And now the call came for the milers. Hal and his skating mate hurried out.

"We've got to be out in time to see the finish, Joe," proposed Frank.

The mile was to be on a course with a turn, so that the finish would be over the starting line.

They were lacing their shoes, these young five-milers, when they heard the yells that followed the start.

But Manley lingered to inspect his racing skates with great care.

Then, again, he tested the soles of his shoes.

Joe, too, was making his preparations with minute care.

Then they stepped down to the ice, where their skates were fitted.

The milers were out of sight around the first bend in the river.

"Who was leading?" demanded Frank.

"Nip and tuck between Hal and Hepnak," Jackets replied.

"And Humphrey?"

"Almost bunched with them."

The noise out on the ice and along the banks proclaimed the fact that the milers were now in sight again on the home stretch.

Frank was up and whizzing over to the finish line.

From a head-on view it seemed impossible to tell whether Hal or Gus was ahead, so close were they.

Behind them Humphrey was hanging on with the grit of a bulldog.

Frank had not imagined that there was such speed and endurance in Humphrey, as he now showed against a veteran junior like Hal.

And here they were, still coming, and still nip and tuck, though Hepnak's mate was now hopelessly distanced.

At the beginning of the last eighth Hal was leading, though so slightly that one good spurt by Hepnak might turn the scales.

On they came, whizzing at the best speed possible to the three leaders.

Hal spurred, with that forward hitch. It was good for another yard of gain.

Another hitch, and nearly another yard.

And now they were close to the line—over it!

It was Hal's, by nearly four yards, and with Humphrey almost up at Hepnak's side.

But the time was what amazed the onlookers. Three minutes, nine and two-fifth seconds!

"Got your Manley nerve on?" asked Joe, with a laugh.

"Why?"

"Well, we've got two events so far, and Bradford has the same number. If you and I fall down, Frank, it's a blue day for Woodstock."

From close in shore came the challenge of Doogue to the crowd.

"Ten to eight on Tod Owen! Ten-eight! Ten-eight! Any more money wanted?"

"That ought to make you win, if nothing else would," uttered Joe, disgustedly.

"I don't need that to make me win—if I can!" flashed Manley.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK AND TOD CROSS THE LINE.

Such a cheer as went up when the quartette of five-milers started!

It was the kind of cheer that can come only from sport lovers.

Little heed was paid to the order at the start.

In a five-mile race over the ice there is time to wait for the lead.

There is always the possibility—the hope—that the other fellow will make too strong a start and tire himself out before the last mile is fairly entered.

But these contestants from Woodstock and Bradford were too old hands at skating to do any of that sort of thing.

Each one of the quartette—big Leeson was entered with Tod—had made a good, strong start, but not too brilliant a one.

Tod went a trifle in the lead in the first quarter, but Manley was hanging to him fairly closely, and without marked effort.

Joe was just behind Manley, with Leeson seven or eight yards to the rear.

At the first half the positions were hardly changed.

But this the great majority of the spectators did not see. The racers were now around the bend that shut Woodstock out from view.

There were not a few spectators, however, along the whole course, for not a few had skated up along the edges of the course some time before.

"What's the matter, Manley?" piped one impatient man.

"Can't you tie Owen on behind?"

Frank smiled, without turning.

"I've got last year's record to beat, as well as Tod," he was thinking to himself.

But could he outdo that performance of the season before?

It had been wonderfully good time for a junior—nineteen minutes and seven seconds!

And it had been done, too, after several weeks spent in skating, instead of with only five days of preparation.

"But I'd better let the record out of my thoughts for the present, and be content with beating Tod," he smiled to himself, as they neared the end of the first mile and Tod was almost another yard in the lead.

Joe's skates were clicking close behind our hero, too—another warning.

Past the mile, Manley spurred a little.

He employed his old forward hitch, that had won him the race the year before.

But Tod retorted, with a longer stride.

It seemed to come almost without effort, and it puzzled the Woodstock captain.

"How much of a new trick has he got there?" wondered Frank with a start of uneasiness.

It was too early yet to try to wear out Tod's endurance by a long stretch of racking work.

That might be employed later on.

For the present, however, Frank decided to devote himself to a gradual, steady effort to get two or three yards ahead of the Bradford champion.

Even this appeared difficult to do.

Tod, certainly, was skating wonderfully better than he had done the year before.

Yet, by dint of steady, hard work, just before two miles had been covered, Frank got himself abreast of the Bradford boy, and slowly, very slowly, gained.

"Harder than I was a year ago?" hailed Tod, in a low voice, as Frank got a shade past him.

Frank nodded, briefly.

He wanted all his wind for the long ordeal ahead of him.

When there is no race on five miles seem nothing to skate.

In a race, however, the distance seems appalling when the leaders are going neck and neck.

Ahead of them was a little crowd gathered with the officials at the turn.

"I've got to pass that turn in the lead," gritted Manley.

Though he would not allow himself to be tired out with the race but half covered, yet Manley did put in all the steam that he thought safe.

He was ahead, now. He kept the lead to the turn, and started on the home stretch nearly two yards in advance of Tod Owen.

Yet in the next mile Owen gave it to him hard and unrelentingly.

"Is he up to my old trick—trying to tire me out?" wondered Manley.

The wind was against them here.

Manley bent forward slightly more, in order to cut the wind to better advantage, yet he was careful not to lean too far over.

Click! click! rang Tod's skates, just behind our hero. Joe was now ten yards behind Owen, with Leeson forty yards to the rear of Prescott.

"I hope Tod's doing his best now," gritted Frank. "He has surely got me close to my best."

In the fourth mile of a five-mile race it is almost better to be second man, if the distance behind the leader be not more than a yard or two.

It is in this fourth mile that the strategic game for endurance must be most carefully played.

To be in the lead, with the other fellow so close that he may pass at any second is bound to get on the nerves of the first man, especially if he is anxious not to increase his own steam for the time being.

But Manley held on as best he could, not making the mistake of using himself up too much to be in good condition during the last mile—yes, the very last quarter of all!

Yet, at the end of that fourth mile, Tod was ranging up alongside.

In the early stretch of the fifth they were neck and neck!

Joe, with Leeson safely out of the way, but himself something like twenty-five yards behind the leaders, saw and groaned.

"Manley can't be beat—mustn't be!" he gasped, inwardly.

And here, just above the bend, there were now fully three-score of spectators.

"Lose him, Manley!"

"Let the plug out! Show more steam, Frank!"

"You've got him going, Tod! Sit on the safety valve and win now, if you have to blow up the boiler!"

"Go it, Manley. Never mind to-morrow! Think of now!"

All of which was about as helpful as spectators' advice ever is.

"Go it, Frank! Make a spurt! You've got to!"

"Let your feet out, Tod, and you can get by!"

Manley's friends in the crowd began to feel uneasy.

They felt that their favorite was not showing up in his best form.

Yet none knew as our hero did what a terribly difficult thing it was to get ahead of Tod Owen.

Both were fighting and straining now. They flew along on their flashing runners.

Nip and tuck! Neck and neck!

First one would gain a few inches, and then the other would regain it, perhaps to get a shade in the lead.

By the time that they had covered all but the last half mile, Tod was more than a foot ahead—to the astonishment of most of those who had waited above the bend.

"What's the matter with you, Manley?"

"Go it, Tod! It's your day!"

"What can be the matter with me?" wondered Frank, almost dismally. "I can't seem to do anything with him!"

Yet an onlooker would have known had he been a judge of skating, that Manley was doing magnificent work in the skating.

But so was Tod Owen.

And now, as they broke into view around the bend, the

hundreds near the finish line could make out that Tod Owen was slightly ahead.

Those who were nearer could make out, in fact, that Tod was moving a half a yard to the front of Manley.

The last quarter! Something must give soon!

Both leaders bent to their work. How their feet flew!

Manley was working his hitch for all it was worth. Tod was lengthening his stroke with a reckless disregard for wind.

Yet the length of his stroke did not seem to affect the number that he made in a minute.

Hats were bobbing up and down in the air, cheers, shrill whistles and appeals went up in a babel of discordant sound.

"Oh, Manley! Brace up!"

"Tod wins!"

"No! Steam, Frank, steam!"

"Come on, lad!" yelled old Hek, in an ecstasy of joy.

Vimfully did Tod respond. The elixir of victory was in his veins—of victory over Frank Manley.

And Frank?

He strove, he fought, he fairly threw himself ahead on the runners.

What was that ahead? The finish line!

One supreme effort by both young athletes, and they hurled themselves over the line.

But to the great amazement of at least seventy-five per cent. of the people there, Manley had gone over the line second, with Tod Owen a full and clean two yards in the lead!

Then Bradford rooters cheered alone, for Woodstock folks seemed dazed.

Both young captains had slid some distance past the line.

But now, as Tod slowed up, Manley stopped at his side, holding out his hand. He gripped Tod's hand, crying cheerily:

"Congratulations on a stiff race, fairly won!"

"I'm more astonished than you!" gasped Tod.

"I'm not astonished at all," declared Frank. "I felt it coming in the last mile. You lead to-day, Tod, and yours truly is second best."

Then to the music of cheers the two young captains skated back, arm in arm.

They were in season to hear the time announced—eighteen minutes and fifty-eight seconds.

Manley had, then, beaten his last winter's time by considerable!

Out on the edge of the ice came one man, and then moved closer to the course, counting the ends of the folded bills stacked between his fingers.

Doogue—with the money he had won betting against our hero!

He glanced over and caught Frank's indignant eye for a second—then laughed.

This humiliation was worse than losing the race!

CHAPTER X.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

The crowd had begun to disperse.

Skating toward the shore, Frank seated himself at the little wharf, removed his skates, and then looked around.

He was not long in espying Kitty Dunstan.

She was chatting with Grace and with Fanny Jackson.

As Frank approached, Kitty moved away from her friends, and hastened over to greet him.

"I haven't a word of excuse to offer," he smiled.

"You don't need any excuse," Miss Dunstan replied promptly.

"Thank you."

"Of course you didn't expect to go on winning forever. You must lose sometimes."

"And I have the satisfaction of knowing that I can't find fault with myself. I did my best, and Tod outskated me."

"Oh, well, there will be other days on the ice," answered Kit, the smile not leaving her eyes.

"I am sorry, though, for those who had faith enough in me to bet on me. More sorry, still, that Doogue won their money."

"It won't do him any good," declared Kit, with an air of conviction. "Money never really helps the evil-minded."

"You are going home now?"

"Yes. Fannie, Grace and I are going to be at the house to-night. We were wondering if it would be any use to pass the word to three young men we know."

"All the use in the world, Kit, if one thing doesn't interfere."

Then, after glancing about him to make sure that no one was too close to them, Manley went on in a low tone:

"Kit, it can't be denied that Doogue has placed me in a bad fix. He has had to lie to do it, of course, but he can make a great deal of trouble for me if I don't find the way to beat his wicked game. So I am going to take Hal and Joe for a little walk, and talk it over with them. I've got to see if we can't hit upon some plan for defeating this rascal. Now that the races are over, I've got a free hand to work."

"Then, I'm afraid you won't be up to-night. Never mind, my dear. We shall be there, if you have the time to come, and if not we shall know that you are engaged in work whose success will make us as happy as it will you. Success! Victory!"

With a quick, gentle pressure of his hand, Kit was gone.

But Frank had not far to look for his chums. They were talking with the other two girls, while, at a little distance, one of the Dunstan sleighs waited.

"Miss Dunstan says you want us," remarked Joe, as he and Hal hurried over to their chief.

"Yes; after we've dressed, I want a little talk with you."

Hal was already out of skating rig. He waited in the gym office until his two friends came out from the locker-room.

"And now?" spoke Hal.

"Suppose we take a walk," replied Frank. "I have always found that one can think better when in motion."

They were well away from the gym, and walking down one of the quieter streets of the town before Manley spoke again.

"The time is short, now, for us to handle Doogue," were Manley's first words. "He has lied, of course—has perjured himself, in fact, in his complaint. Now, when a man lies, there is always some weak point in his armor. We've got to find that weak spot. For I must——"

"Beat him in court," supplied Joe, with energy.

"That wouldn't be enough!" retorted Frank, his eyes flashing.

"What, then?"

"I shan't be satisfied until I have driven Doogue out of town for good!"

"Whew! That is vindictive for you!" cried Joe.

"You're wrong there," Frank went on, with something like his old smile. "This isn't vindictiveness."

"What, then?"

"Self-defense, pure and simple! If I merely beat Doogue out on this one case, he'll still be in town and watching for a better chance to settle with me. I shall never be free from danger—even from annoyance—as long as that rascal remains in town."

"What do you plan to do, then?" questioned Hal.

"We must watch him. A fellow like Doogue will bear watching all the time, and the fellow who watches Doogue will learn a good deal about him. For that fellow simply can't go straight. This attempt against me surely isn't all he's doing that he shouldn't do. I must know everything about Doogue that can be known. First of all, what he's doing from moment to moment. For that matter, what he will do to-night."

"I'll cover that for you," volunteered Joe. "A man with a store can be watched. If he goes away from his store, I'll know where he goes."

"But Doogue mustn't see you watching him. He's crafty enough to lead you a great old fool chase if he suspects."

"He won't suspect," grinned Joe. "I'll put some one else on his track. He won't suspect. See here, I'll do that now and report to you again. Where shall I find you?"

"How long will it take you?"

"Not more than ten minutes."

"Then Hal and I will be back here by that time."

Joe went off swiftly, without another word.

"That's just like old Joe," laughed Hal. "He starts right off on a thing, without a word of explanation."

"Joe doesn't need to explain," rejoined Manley. "He generally knows what he's doing. He doesn't slip on many banana peels in the course of his wanderings."

"But what can you find out about Doogue in this town?"

"I don't know yet, Hal. Failing here, I shall look up his record in other places where he has business. I may start Jackets on the trail in the morning."

The two chums strolled along, but were back on time at the appointed corner.

Joe was not there.

He kept them waiting five minutes at least.

Then he hurried up, and one look at his face told that he brought news.

"I put a kid friend of mine on the watch," whispered Joe, eagerly. "The kid went in the store and bought a paper. He was the only customer in the store, for Doogue isn't doing much business here since he had you arrested. Well, the kid made some slighting remark about Frank Manley, and Doogue just naturally joined in. Then Doogue got mad and said he was going over to Barberville this evening to see his lawyer. Oh, he's going to fix the case up so strong that you'll learn something behind bars!"

"Was that all?" asked Hal.

"It ought to be enough for the present," Joe retorted. "It tells us where Doogue expects to be this evening, and on what business. It only remains to be seen whether the rascal spoke the truth."

"But what can we do if Doogue does go to see his lawyer? We can't very well be present while the pair are talking it over," objected Hal.

"Probably not," admitted Joe. "Yet we might find a way to hear what is said."

"We might," assented Frank, thoughtfully. "Jackets is small enough, and nimble enough, to get in almost anywhere. I'm not sure we could work it, but it would be worth while thinking it over, anyway. Suppose we go down to the store and talk it over. Where's your kid, Joe?"

"Still hanging around near Doogue's store."

"Then tell him where to find you, at need, and join us."

Frank and Hal entered the store, briskly, but Tom Greenheart, the clerk, got in Frank's way.

"Mr. Manley, Miss Dunstan 'phoned that you were to call her up the instant you arrived."

Frank wheeled and stepped to the telephone.

It was in an agitated voice that Kitty answered him from the other end of the wire.

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad to speak to you. Come up at once! And bring one or two of the fellows with you, if you don't have to lose time in getting them."

"But what's the news?"

"Oh, I can't tell you now. But it's wonderfully important! Hurry!"

Joe was entering the store at that moment.

Wheeling, Manley got his chums by the arm and hurried them out of the store.

Not until he had turned them into the road that led up to the great house on the hill did Manley explain that Kitty wanted them in a hurry.

"She wouldn't waste our time to-night," declared Manley. "She knows how busy we expected to be."

Then they broke into the best run they could keep up on that frozen, slippery sleigh track.

Kitty herself let them in at the front door before they had time to ring.

"Oh, such news!" she cried, radiantly, and then led them down the hall and into the music-room.

Grace and Fannie were there, looking highly pleased.

"Now, for the news!" cried Kit, perching herself, in her excitement, on one corner of the centre-table, while one hanging foot, peeping out under the bottom of her skirt, could not keep still.

"We got out of the sleigh before we reached the house," began Grace.

"So we could walk the rest of the way," supplemented Fannie.

"And so we happened upon them at the gate," Kitty went on.

"Wasn't it wonderfully fortunate?" cried Fannie.

"And to think that a minute earlier or sooner, and we wouldn't have met them!" from Grace.

"And if Kit hadn't happened to know them!" This from Fannie.

"Well, anyway, it all happened just right!"

"And the most wonderful luck!"

"Girls," broke in Kitty, severely, "if you do so much talking and offer so little information, then it will be at least Wednesday before Frank knows a blessed thing about this business."

"And it's his business, too!" cried Grace, eagerly.

"I should say it was!" declared Fannie.

"Thank you all," laughed Frank. "I'm learning fast."

"You tell it, Kit," begged Grace.

"Yes! Do!" chimed in Fannie.

"I'd like to, if I could make myself heard in all this clatter," retorted Kitty, sweetly.

Then her glance falling on a decorative bronze sword on the wall, Kitty jumped down and ran to it.

Taking the sword from its place, Kitty wheeled about, resumed her perch on the table, and looked severely at her girl chums.

"Can I have quiet?" she demanded, severely.

Then she was allowed to get at the thread of her story.

"Last summer," began Kitty, "when papa was having that road cut through the grove at the back, two of the workmen were a pair of Swedes—brothers. They are good workmen, but rather stupid fellows, and they don't speak very much English.

"Well, when we came to the gate to-night, they were tramping along the road just ahead of us. Headed for Barberville, they told me. It seems that they have had some wood chopping to do down by the river. Their job was finished to-day, so they were off in search of a new job.

"They knew, of course, Frank, that you and I are great friends. One of the big fellows started to say that he hoped you wouldn't get in trouble, for you didn't deserve to. They saw Doogue trying to club you when you were in the air-hole holding Joe up."

"They did?" Frank broke in, eagerly.

"So the first Swede said, and then the other nudged him and spoke to him in Swedish. Then the fellow who had told me that much closed up and didn't want to say a word more.

"But you can rest assured that I didn't mean to let him stop talking at that point. It was difficult, for the fellow

didn't want to say anything more. It seems they're both afraid of being hauled into court."

"I should say they would be hauled into court!" flashed Frank.

"And those great stupid," Fannie went on, "are afraid that they'd get into some trouble themselves. I tried to tell them that they would be only witnesses, but I couldn't get it into their awfully thick heads. They were positive that court meant trouble.

"But right there Fannie happened to break in, and, while she was talking to them, I turned to Grace and whispered to her in French to hurry to the house and get you on the telephone. If she couldn't get you she was to keep on trying until she landed some Up and At 'Em Boy. Whoever she got she was to tell to hurry up here as fast as he could possibly travel. He was to go to the house, but not by way of the gate.

"Well, then, while Grace was telephoning, I tried again to make those stupid Swedes understand that they couldn't get in any trouble, and would only be helping the course of justice. But the very sound of 'justice' seemed to scare them worse than ever.

"So then I tried to gather from them just what they had seen. They were on their way to work, near the river, when they saw, from a distance, that wretch Doogue trying to beat your brains out with a pole.

"Stupid as they are, the Swedes knew that wasn't right. They didn't yell, but just gripped their axes and started to run through the woods to the ice. Then you whistled, and they saw all the fellows coming to your aid.

"So then the cautious Swede of the pair told the other that they'd better not mix in; that you were safe, and that they could save themselves a good deal of trouble by keeping in the background.

"And so, though those big fellows had heard something about your arrest, they were going to leave town without telling any one what they had seen."

"Where are those Swedes now?" asked Frank.

"I'm coming to that," went on Kitty, eagerly. "Well, Grace strolled down to the gate, and Fannie took her cue to try her hand again at talking with the Swedes. That gave Grace a chance to tell me that she hadn't been able to get you, but had got one of the fellows, and that he was headed for the house as fast as possible. Then Grace went back to the house.

"I kept on talking to the Swedes, holding them here in spite of themselves, until Grace came out again to drop a hint that it was all right. The boy had arrived. Grace had handed him her pocketbook and told him to follow those Swedes to Jericho, if necessary. She managed it so quietly that your boy was even then hiding, ready to follow the Swedes away."

"Which one of the fellows was it?" asked Manley, quickly.

"Cranston."

"Oh, well, he's a bright enough chap. He'll know what to do. So the Swedes went away?"

"Yes; headed for Barberville."

"Which I guess means, fellows," said Frank, turning to his chums, "that we'd better make lightning time to Barberville ourselves."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," contradicted Kitty.

Sliding from her perch, she ran to the doorway, which she barred with her sword.

"Do you want to spoil it all?" she demanded, reproachfully.

"Very likely I am stupid, then," smiled Frank. "What do you want me to do?"

"You? You'll stay right here," retorted Miss Dunstan, decisively, "until we get a telephone message from Cranston. He has his instructions from Grace."

"He certainly has," asserted Miss Scott.

"Well, then," laughed Frank, sinking into a chair, "it seems that I'm in the hands of my friends. Uncommonly good friends, too!"

"Uncommonly charming friends, anyway," amended Joe, unblushingly.

Six months before Hal would have fainted at hearing Joe utter such a graceful speech.

But Joe was improving!

CHAPTER XI.

CRANSTON ON THE JUMP.

"I wish Frank Manley, or some one, were here," grunted Cranston to himself, as he crouched behind a great tree close to the Dunstan wall.

Down the road he could make out the figure of the two Swedes, still lingering near the girls.

"I wonder how Frank, or Hal, or Joe would handle this matter?" reflected Cranston, uneasily.

Ah! The Swedes were saying good-night, and clumsily lifting their hats to the girls.

Now Cranston must act—and must be mighty sure that he made no mistake.

He crouched close, and out of sight, as the two great, hulking fellows tramped silently by.

"Now, if I keep them in sight all the way to Barberville, what's to prevent them from seeing me every time they turn around?" wondered the watcher.

Yet, as he looked after the pair, Cranston conceived an idea.

Just below, the Dunstan grounds merged into a strip of woods.

If he hurried, noiselessly, the young athlete could get through the woods unseen, and reach the road ahead of the Swedes.

It seemed like the best plan.

Cranston acted on it.

As the two Swedes hulked along the road, they suddenly espied a youngster, also tramping toward the next town, ahead of them.

For some distance George trudged along without looking back.

But his ears were very much on the alert.

Behind him he heard the steady, heavy crunching of the Swedes' boots on the frozen road, and so he knew that they were coming on after him.

But, after a quarter of a mile or so, Cranston halted, blowing and looking around him.

He looked merely like a tired pedestrian to whom the road is proving unexpectedly long.

The Swedes came up within hail. They looked at the youngster, though not suspiciously.

"Good evening," advanced George, rather politely.

"Efenings," replied one of the pair.

"How much further is it to Bardonville?" queried Cranston, artlessly.

"Dat is not him name—Barberville," corrected the same Swede.

"Oh, thank you! But how much further is it, anyway?"

"'Bout t'ree mile."

"Whew!"

"You go dere?"

"Got to," rejoined Cranston, disgustedly. "I can't sleep outdoors."

"You got home dere?"

"No such luck!"

"You got no home—'t'all?"

"Not since I lost my job."

"Lookin' for chob?"

"Yes."

"What you do?"

"Clerk in a store, mostly," lied Cranston. "But just now I'd be glad to do anything."

"Yah, I know. It's hard, when winter come on. Poor boy!"

"Oh, I'll find a job, all right," predicted Cranston, cheerily. "Only it's hard to have to tramp so far for one. You men going to Barberville?"

"Yah!"

They were moving off now. George stepped along with them, uninvited.

He had satisfied his mind on one point. These Swedes did not regard him with any suspicion, nor did they recognize him as a Woodstock boy with a sure-enough home.

"This is a heap better than dodging in and out of shadows," muttered the young athlete to himself, as he tramped along.

"You men live in Barberville?" he asked, after awhile.

"No."

"Near there?"

"We look for chob, too."

"Oh! Well, I wish you luck."

"T'ank you."

So they trudged along. As the Swedes did not appear to object to his company, Cranston did not want to spoil it all by trying to be too chummy.

But by the time that he had tramped a mile in their company, George deemed it safe to inquire:

"Going to try to get a job in Barberville?"

"No."

Cranston noted that it was the lighter-haired one of the pair who did all the talking.

"Oh," he went on. "Then you're going further?"

"Maybe."

"Going to tramp it?"

"What for you want to know?" demanded the more silent one, turning suddenly upon the young athlete.

"Oh, just a friendly interest," lied Cranston, cheerfully.

"I know what it means to be out of a job. I'd like to see you both get good jobs and have the hunt over with."

"Oh, we find chobs, all right!" grinned the light-haired one.

"Know any one in Barberville?"

"No; we don't stop there, maybe."

"Oh! You're going on further, by train, then?"

"Maybe; perhaps."

"You're lucky, then," declared George, with enthusiasm.

"Why?"

"Lucky to have money enough to pay your fare."

"You got no money?"

"Well," retorted Cranston, feeling covertly at Miss Scott's purse in his pocketbook, "if I tried to travel on my money I'm afraid I would have to get off soon and walk again."

"Too bad," said the more talkative Swede.

"Oh, I'll soon have a job, all right, and I'll save my money, this time," asserted the cheerful prevaricator.

There was silence again, as they tramped along. The two Swedes had nothing, apparently, to talk about between themselves.

At last Barberville came in sight. Then they entered the town.

"Dead-looking place," commented George. "I may strike something here, though. Well, so long! Thank you for your company."

"You're welcome. Good luck!" said the more talkative Swede.

Cranston left them, but not to lose sight of them. He saw them head straight for the railway station, and he was there ahead of them, though not visible.

Crouching back in the women's waiting-room, he heard them enter the other half of the little depot.

They called for tickets to Glastonville, just over the State line.

"Whew!" panted Cranston. "That's tough! They could never be made to come into the State again to testify. George, boy, you've got to get busy, somehow!"

Just then he heard one of the Swedes ask the train time. Their train was due in about twenty-five minutes.

Over to seats tramped the Swedes, heavily, depositing their packages beside them.

Plainly, they intended to wait right there until the train arrived.

"A little time to spare, then," muttered the boy.

He got out of the depot, without being seen by the men he was shadowing.

He hurried straight to a telephone station. In another few moments he had Frank Manley on the wire.

"Going to leave the State, eh?" gasped Frank. "Jupiter!"

"What shall I do?" asked Cranston.

"Keep them from going on that train."

"How on earth shall I do that?"

"You're on the scene, Cranston," sounded Manley's voice, "and it's up to you to find the way. You can judge best. Steal their bundles if you have to, so that they'll wait to find them."

"Can't," objected Cranston. "They've squatted right beside those bundles, and nothing would move them away."

"Then find some other scheme to work—but work it! See here, George, the Dunstan automobile is broken down, or we'd get there in time. We've got to come by sleigh, instead, and we can't make it. So it's up to you to keep those Swedes from getting their train. Understand? It's up to you! Good luck!"

Then the bell rang off, leaving Cranston in a peck of speculative trouble.

"Well, of all the jobs—to hold back two husky Swedes from their train!" he muttered. "Yet there must be a way, or Frank Manley wouldn't ask me to do it. He'd find a way if he were here!"

So Cranston lounged back to the depot, ranging through his mind all the plans from hold-up to train-wrecking.

He was much too level-headed a youngster to imagine that any form of violence would accomplish his mission.

Yet he flatly failed to devise any more simple plan.

"Something's got to be rigged up, and mighty quick," groaned the boy, looking in through the door of the women's waiting-room for a glance at the clock.

Then, in the outside darkness he stole around for a peep through one of the windows of the men's room.

There sat the Swedes, stolid and drowsy, each with a wary hand resting on his bundle, though.

"Couldn't get 'em away from those bundles for a moment, even if I blew up the building with dynamite!" muttered the young watcher, disgustedly. "Oh, dear, I wonder what Frank Manley would—could!—do in a case like this. And he's pounding along over the road, expecting to find that I've kept his Swedes waiting for him."

And then another thought flashed into the young athlete's mind that made him choke and brought a tear to either eye.

"These Swedes are the saving witnesses. Without them Frank Manley may have to go to jail! And he was so good to me about those new skates! Oh, dear! Why can't I cudgel some brains into my head for five minutes?"

But, as is often the case when one thinks extremely hard, thinking seemed only to make the brain clog up more!

So George stuck miserably to his post. If he could do nothing more he could at least stay and see that the Swedes actually did board their coming train.

Then his hand touched Grace Scott's purse.

"That money is to be used in following them on the train, if I can't do any better," thought the uneasy youngster.

A whistle! Here was the train coming!

Cranston darted around to a position in front of the depot baggage-master's door.

There was the great flare of the locomotive headlight, coming nearer and nearer.

Still no plan—nothing to be done.

Three or four passengers had come out on the platform.

But the Swedes were still inside.

Oh, if only they could miss that infernal train!

The engine was rolling slowly past Cranston, now.

Then the train stopped and passengers began to get aboard.

The conductor, impatient to start, stood there with his lantern ready to signal the engine.

Ah! There was the door of the men's room opening. The Swedes were coming out!

"All aboard!" roared the conductor.

Then Cranston got his plan!

Running like mad, with both arms outstretched, he launched himself between the two Swedes.

Either hand gripped at a package, and held tight.

Through between the pair Cranston hurled himself, ripping at the wrapping paper as he went.

Then, letting go, off he sprinted into the darkness behind the station, while all the worldly belongings of that pair of Swedes rolled, helter-skelter, on the platform and off on to the ground beyond.

Two rather dazed and wholly profane men threw themselves after their belongings, for the boy who had been the cause of all this mischief had vanished like a ghost.

The signal lantern waved. The train started, slowly, then gathered momentum and rolled off into the night—minus the Swedes!

CHAPTER XII.

HOODOO FOR SOME ONE.

"They've stayed—anyway!"

Halting in the protecting darkness—panting, perspiring, trembling, George Cranston surveyed his work.

He had done it thoroughly, no mistake about that.

It took the Swedes fully five minutes to satisfy themselves that they had gathered together once more all that belonged to them.

Even now it was out of the question to get the belongings back into the torn paper. They took their things into the waiting-room, and then one of the pair disappeared, while the other remained to stand guard.

And George, while he stood waiting, felt a hand reach out of the darkness and touch him.

It was Frank Manley who had come upon him unawares.

"Well, youngster?"

"They stayed," retorted Cranston, drily. "There's one of them inside now."

Hastily, and in whispers, George told how he had accomplished the trick.

And now the other Swede returned with two cheap valises.

Cranston breathed easily. It was all off his shoulders now.

"They can't get a train, now, for more than three hours," whispered Frank, gleefully. "Now, how will they kill the time?"

As soon as the Swedes had finished packing their belongings in the new valises, they picked them up and started, heavily, out of the depot.

Across the track they went and into a saloon beyond.

Frank and Cranston followed.

Through the windows they saw their two men go into a little back room and seat themselves at a table.

They ordered a meal and settled down to wait for it, pulling out their pipes in the meantime.

"They're settled for an hour, anyway," mused Frank, loud enough for Cranston to hear. "Now, we'll see what Joe has to report."

"What is he doing?"

"Oh, he's watching Lawyer Deekins' office to see if Doogue shows up there to-night."

Cranston was just a little surprised that the Swedes should be left unwatched for awhile; but he had confidence that Manley knew his own business.

Joe, coming from somewhere out of the darkness, joined them on the street at a dark point a few score of yards from the building in which the shyster lawyer's office was.

"No Doogue yet," was Joe's laconic report.

"Then you got a glimpse inside the office?"

"Yes; Deekins is sitting there alone."

"Then stay here," directed Frank, swiftly, "while I get another cog to revolving."

Joe and Cranston drew back in the darkness and waited.

Presently a sharp-looking youngster, who was a stranger to both of them, sauntered by, halted near the entrance to the lawyer's premises and lounged there.

Then Manley returned.

"It's all right," he whispered. "Now we may see things happen. I'm going back to watch the Swedes. You stay here and keep after Doogue, if he once shows up. Don't mind what that chap over there may say. I've posted him, and he can be trusted. He's Ed Bailey, and a mighty sharp youngster."

Then Manley vanished from the view of his two friends, and went off in search of Hal.

Then, presently on the scene, appeared Mr. Doogue. He had driven in a sleigh to the little hotel, where he had put up his rig and had had a drink before business.

Into the rascal's path stepped the Bailey boy.

"Say, you're Mr. Doogue, ain't you?"

"That's my name."

"Well, now, Mr. Doogue, I guess I can do a little business with you," went on the Bailey boy, in a low, confidential tone. "I've heard something about your case against a fellow named Frank Manley."

"That case is all right, thank you," retorted the rascal, curtly, and made as if to pass on.

"I know you think it is," went on Bailey, buttonholing the man, "but I want to tell you that it ain't just all right. I've heard two Swedes talking here to-night. They say they

were working in the woods near the river in Woodstock. They tell a queer yarn about seeing you try to club a fellow in the river. They were just going to work at the time, and would have interfered, only they saw a whole lot of other fellows coming up, so they slid out. But they've heard about your case, and they've got a notion in their thick heads that Manley, or some one, would pay 'em a good bit of money to get their testimony. Is that news worth anything to you?"

Doogue's face, during this recital, had undergone several queer changes.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded, gruffly.

"It's straight enough goods, but if you don't care to hear about it I can take my news somewhere else," retorted Bailey.

"You're sure of what you're talking about?" asked Doogue.

"I told you I heard the Swedes talking, myself."

"Where are they?"

"Ho! It'll cost you twenty dollars to find that out!" jeered Bailey. "And if you don't deal with me quick, I'll know where to take my goods."

"If you're telling the truth," retorted Doogue, "you'd probably work both sides, anyway."

"No, I won't. I'll play square, if you want to play, Mr. Doogue. You'll pay me more than Manley would, anyway."

"What do you want me to do with you, young feller?"

"Hand me twenty dollars, and I'll take you to where the Swedes are. It ain't far to the State line. They could get over it, and out of the way, if you made it worth their while. Then, after you see them off on the train, I expect you to pay me fifty more. Is it a go?"

"Yes," whispered Doogue, "if you're giving me a square deal. But I want to be sure about that, first."

"Then the twenty!"

"After I'm satisfied."

"No, sir! Right now, or I don't travel any further with you in this, Mr. Doogue!"

The wretch swore. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket, drawing forth a roll of the money that he had won betting on Owen that day.

He counted off the money, handing it to young Bailey.

"Four fives! That's right and square!" acknowledged the boy, loudly enough for Joe and Cranston to hear.

"Now, take me to those Swedes."

Bailey and his victim started off down the street together. After a little, Joe and Cranston went cautiously in their wake.

As for Doogue, he left the Bailey youth outside the saloon, and went inside, tramping straight into the back room.

Here he found his Swedes, and no one else.

They were eating their supper, slowly.

Closing the door that connected the room with the saloon, Doogue went forward, and bent over the pair.

"See here, boys," he began, easily, "what's this I hear about your seeing an affair on the ice the other morning?"

At the first mention of the subject both Swedes closed up mum.

"Do you understand that you really think you saw anything?" pursued Doogue.

The darker Swede merely glowered at his questioner, but suddenly the lighter-haired one blurted out suddenly:

"Yah! We saw you try to kill boy dat was in de water. You use club—big, long club! Yah! You're de man! Aye tank you try to kill dat boy! I know it! I swear to it!"

The darker brother broke in with a guttural flood of Swedish, but the light-haired one shook his head obstinately.

"Dis is bad man, I tell you, Yon. He try to make murder. I see it; so do you. Yah!"

"See here," went on Doogue, oilily, "you don't want to get mixed up in this business. It concerns a little law-suit that I have against a fellow. If you go around telling that story, you'll get hauled up as witnesses. This law-suit may hang on for two years. Do you fellows want to get held up in jail for two years as witnesses? And you might get into some trouble besides. I tell you, it's dangerous for foreigners to get mixed up in our courts."

"Yah!" cried the dark-haired man, bringing down his fist on the table. And then followed another flood of Swedish.

"You've got the right idea," nodded Doogue, encouragingly, to the last speaker. "Always keep out of trouble. Now, see here, I want to be sure that you boys really think you did see something."

Then Doogue questioned them closely. The light-haired one told a straight enough story of their employment through the week, even giving the name of the man who had hired them to fell trees on the lot near the river.

Next, the same Swede described the scene in which Doogue had figured as a would-be slayer.

"A pretty tough story to have to tell in court," declared Doogue, oilily. "You'd get all twisted up by a lawyer, and might get in prison yourselves. Always keep out of law troubles, if you can. Besides, you don't want to have to spend perhaps two years in jail as witnesses. Now, see here, boys, if you were to leave the State——"

"Yah!" nodded the light-haired one. "We got ticket. Maybe we go."

"That's right," cheered Doogue. "And I'll do the right thing by you. See here——"

From a trousers pocket the rascal drew his roll of bills, watching the effect that the sight of so much money had on his men.

"You get out of the State. Go to-night, and promise that you won't say a word more to any one—and I'll give you each fifty dollars and see you off on the train. Is that a go?"

"Yah!" bellowed the dark-haired Swede. "Yah! Dat we do!"

"Then here's your money, as fast as I can count it out."

Doogue's fingers were nimbly running over the bills, large and small, when a door from the hallway opened.

Doogue sprang to his feet, his face livid. The money slipped from his clutch as he stared with wide-open eyes at Frank Manley and those who were with our hero.

"Bad business for you, Doogue," smiled our hero. "Very bad!"

The wretch could not speak. He was staring from Manley's face to those of Hal, Joe, Cranston, the Bailey youth and two men of Barberville.

"Witnesses enough," smiled Frank, mockingly. "And we heard the conversation, too. Here are the men who can swear that you tried to kill me. Their testimony will also prove that you committed perjury when you swore to that complaint against me. And now, on top of all, we find you trying to bribe two witnesses in a felony case to leave the State. Why, Doogue, your poor, wretched criminal, here's enough to keep you in prison longer than you're likely to live!"

Doogue had regained his presence of mind sufficiently to gather up his money and thrust it back into his pocket.

Yet he knew that all these watchful eyes now regarding him belonged to people who could easily swear him into convict's stripes.

Cold ooze stood out on the rascal's forehead. His face showed white and green tints. He could hardly stand, for a few moments, on his trembling, shaking legs.

Then, suddenly, with a wild scream, he turned and dashed out through the saloon for the street.

"I'll get him!" gritted Prescott, starting in pursuit.


"Come back, Joe!" called Manley. "It's no use until the warrant is out for the fellow. Then, if he shows up, he can be handled easily enough."

But Frank persuaded all hands, the puzzled Swedes included, to adjourn to the parlor of the hotel.

There a Barberville Swede, who understood English and the ways of the United States, was brought in to talk to his two countrymen.

It was explained to them what a duty they owed to remain and be at hand in case their testimony was needed in court. And they were convinced that they could not possibly get into trouble through telling the truth.

Then the Barberville Swede promised to get his countrymen employment in the town for the present, and went off with them in tow.

"It was almost a stroke of  Ed," laughed Manley, as the Woodstock boys parted from Bailey, "for me to think of making the enemy pay for your services, and pay well at that!"

Then, in the Dunstan sleigh, the four Up and At 'Em Boys drove over to Woodstock, where a warrant for Doogue was quickly obtained and placed in police hands.

Then Frank drove to the store. He went in, but came out with a piece of paper in his hands, and called Cranston to one side.

"George, when I offered you credit for those skates, I had no idea that you would pay so quickly, and so handsomely. Here's my acknowledgment, backed by my heartiest thanks!"

Cranston stared at the paper. It was a receipt, in full, for the skates.

Somehow, the youngster managed to express his thanks, only to be interrupted by Manley's assurance that the thanks were all on the other side.

"Oh, and I nearly forgot Miss Scott's pocketbook!" cried Cranston, producing it.

"I'll see that it reaches its owner to-night," promised Frank, cheerfully.

Our hero went back into the store long enough to have a bright telephone chat with his mother.

The warrant was not served, for Doogue did not show up. Nor could he be found in any of the other towns where he had business interests.

Knowing that long imprisonment threatened him, the fellow simply abandoned his different stores utterly, and fled into obscurity—a ruined man.

Nor were the two roughs whom Joe had seen taking a train for Bidbury, ever heard from again.

From the store the three chums drove back to the Dunstan house.

As soon as the girls became aware of the fact that their friends had had no chance for supper, Miss Kitty soon had a meal served that satisfied all cravings.

Yet, best of all, was the presence of the young hostess and of the two girls who helped her to preside over that appetizing supper.

Then back they all trooped to the famous music-room, there to enjoy what was left of the evening in the way that Woodstock young people understand so well.

And then, at the end of the evening, they gathered around the piano, and sung through the inspiring verses of "America."

"It's a great country to live in," confessed Joe, his eyes a trifle misty.

"With Woodstock for choice of the spot to live in!" laughed Hal.

THE END.

Christmas in Woodstock! The Up and At 'Em Boys had their full share in all the great doings of that wonderful season of happiness and good will! "FRANK MANLEY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT; OR, THE LUCK THAT ICE HOCKEY BROUGHT," is the story by "Physical Director," that will be published complete in No. 16 of "Frank Manley's Weekly." Out next week!

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 47.

Skating has its own emphatic place in the physical training life.

Every boy in the country goes skating as a matter of course. Altogether too many city boys neglect this wonderful sport. Yet in every city there are places where skating can be enjoyed.

No boy who wants to be a real athlete should neglect the noble pastime of skating.

The fact that it is great fun doesn't detract in the least from its value as an exercise.

In its effects on the body, skating is to be classed with running and swimming.

Skating is far better than swimming, because there is seldom any danger in overtaking the heart on the ice.

Skating is, in some respects, to be preferred even to running as an exercise.

Every boy who has done plenty of both running and skating knows how much easier the skating is.

Undoubtedly, running builds up the strength of the leg better than skating can possibly do. Yet it is the function of skating to do for the creation of speed in the leg muscles far more than running can do.

Skating is an excellent preparation for running work; and, conversely, running makes for the stronger and more enduring leg muscles in him who would be a fast and strong skater.

So it is advised that, during the skating season, running may be dropped, for the time being, in favor of skating.

And the young athlete should make the most of the skating season to get more speed into his leg muscles. Fast skating should be the rule for the youngster who uses his work on the ice for physical training purposes.

Always, while skating, be sure that deep breathing is done all the while. In this way fast skating may be made an excellent means of increasing one's chest expansion.

On the other hand, every young athlete who has been paying much attention to his chest expansion during the past few months will find that he is a much faster and more enduring skater than he was last year.

In order to forestall a good many readers who are likely to write, asking me what is the best time of the day for skating as an exercise, I will state that the best time of all is when the sun is shining. So that the sun is up,

the hour at which the skating is done does not so much matter.

For the boy who must work during the day, night skating is much better than no skating at all.

Skating in indoor rinks is not to be encouraged. Any youngster who can find a place to skate in the open air will derive several times as much benefit from the exercise as he would in a closed rink.

Yet the aspiring athlete should remember that, not even in the skating season should other exercise be abandoned. Skating is good only as partial exercise. There is much in gymnastics that should be kept up in connection with skating.

By all means enter skating races, even if you have no chance to win. Of course, it is great fun to win, if you can, but the really needful thing is to get into races, anyway; and, once there, to develop your best speed.

Between races, try more and more to develop speed—always bearing in mind, of course, that speed must not be carried to a point where palpitation or severe panting are caused.

As to the distance to be skated daily, no healthy boy should be satisfied with less than seven miles, once he has gotten the stiffness out of his legs. Ten miles of skating in every twenty-four hours represents more nearly what should be expected of a strong boy of sixteen.

Those who are comparatively weak must determine for themselves just how far they can skate daily without overdoing.

Nor is simply skating forward to be considered enough. It is worth all the effort that it costs to learn how to skate gracefully and fast while going backwards.

This develops added poise and agility of body.

For the same reason the learning of a moderate amount of fancy figure skating is to be insisted upon.

It is not necessary to know how to skate more than half a dozen of these fancy figures, but in these few the young skater should persevere until he is actually expert.

Now, as to style in skating, I am not going to say anything here. It is impossible to describe, in typed words, the movements that the expert skater must master.

There is, however, an easy way for the new skater to learn. Let him watch closely the work of better skaters. Follow such a skater down the ice, doing all that he does and being careful to acquire his style.

Then, by dint of gradual practice, and with a few hints thrown in, you will acquire a ready style of skating, and much practice will bring to you, gradually, a distinctive style of your own.

Let me, however, in closing, impress one fact upon you strongly:

Skating is like all other exercise in that it is never to be attempted just after a meal.

The youngster who remembers to wait always an hour after eating before getting busy on the ice will do wisely!

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

New Orleans, Sept. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being an ardent admirer of your fascinating library, Frank Manley's Weekly, I decided to request you to criticize my dimensions, defects and deficiencies. Height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 105 pounds; chest, normal 33 inches, expanded 34 inches; waist, 29 inches; biceps, normal 9½ inches, flexed 10½ inches; thighs, 17½ inches; calf, 12 inches; wrist, 6¼ inches; neck, 13 inches; age, 19 years. Am I built proportionately? I take very little exercise—that of bag-punching and deep breathing. I am lame, and therefore cannot indulge in any exercise that requires the use of the lower limbs. Could you map out any exercise that I could follow comfortably?

Anxiously yours,

A Critical Observer.

Much more chest expansion needed. Persistent deep breathing will accomplish this. Use also chest expansion drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. You should be able to use clubs and bells, horizontal bar, punching-bag and bag drills. Rowing, either in a boat or in a rowing machine, might help the lame legs. My hat is off to the boy who is lame and yet who wishes to get all he can out of exercise. May you have great success!

New York City, Sept. 2, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having written before and received a very favorable reply, I take the liberty of asking a few more questions. I am 13 years 5½ months old; height in shoes, 5 feet 2 inches; weight in street clothes, 80 pounds; neck, 11½ inches, tense 13 inches; chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 28½ inches; arm biceps, normal 7½ inches, tense 9 inches; length of right arm, 24 inches; length of right forearm, 15 inches; length of left arm, 24 inches; length of left forearm, 15 inches; right wrist, tense, 6 inches; left wrist, tense, 6 inches. How are these? (1) What are my weak points and how remedied? (2) Is postum good? (3) What time should I go to bed and when should I get up? I can run two miles and two blocks in 25 minutes. (4) Is that good for a boy like me? Hoping these books will be published for a long time, I remain,

A Young Athlete,

Joseph L. Aronson,

You are a little light of weight, but time should increase your weight. You should work for another inch of chest expansion. No beverages should be taken with meals. Beverages weaken the digestive juices and delay digestion—consequently weaken you by that much. You should be abed by 8.30 and up a little before six in the morning. Your running is very good at your age. Keep it up!

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I thought I would ask you a question in regard to what an athlete should eat. Please tell me in earliest issue.

Steady Reader.

These questions have been answered already in Talks on diet.

Columbus, Miss., Sept. 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read Frank Manley's Weekly from No. 1, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions as to my measurements. Age, 16 years; weight, 118½ pounds; height, 5 feet 6 inches; chest, normal 32 inches, contracted 29½ inches, expanded 34½ inches; neck, 14½ inches; biceps, 9 inches, flexed 10 inches; forearm, 9¼ inches, flexed 10¼ inches; elbow, 9½ inches; wrist, 6½

inches; waist, 27 inches; hips, 31½ inches; thighs, 18¾ inches; knees, 8¾ inches; ankle, 8¾ inches; across shoulders, 15½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Am I under weight? (3) What are my strong and weak points? How can I develop them? (5) Has a boy who works from six o'clock to six o'clock any need of exercise? Well, I will close with three cheers for Frank Manley and Physical Director. Hoping this does not find the wastebasket, I remain,

A True Admirer.

(1) Very well built. (2) Seven or eight pounds under weight. (3) Chest is best point; no especially weak ones. (4) Go ahead with general exercise. (5) Certainly; few callings in themselves give proper ALL-AROUND exercise.

Columbus, Miss., Sept. 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I take the liberty of asking a few questions. Age, 17 years 3 months; weight, 125 pounds; height, 5 feet 9 inches; chest, normal 32½ inches, contracted 30¼ inches, expanded 35½ inches; neck, 13 inches; biceps, 9 inches, flexed 10¼ inches; forearm, 9¾ inches; flexed, 10¾ inches; elbow, 9½ inches; wrist, 6¾ inches; waist, 28½ inches; hips, 33½ inches; thighs, 18¾ inches; knee, 14½ inches; calf, 12½ inches; ankle, 8½ inches; across shoulders, 14¾ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) How can I develop them? (4) Is punching the bag good for evening exercise? I will close, hoping to see this in print, and give a rousing cheer for Frank Manley's Weekly, the king of all.

A Constant Reader.

(1) More than twenty pounds under weight. Work for another inch chest expansion. Biceps should be more than twelve inches. Neck and calf small. (2) Answered. (3) You don't require special training, but an all-around course in athletics, including running. (4) Yes.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like you to answer me a few questions. I am 5 feet 3 inches in height, weigh 108 pounds and am 14 years old. Does my weight correspond with my height? Kindly tell me how to train for long-distance running and 120-yard hurdle race. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

D. V. D.

September 8, 1905.

Your weight corresponds exactly with your height. I do not advise you to train for both long-distance work and the short hurdle run. Pick out either one or the other. There will be much running advice in this Weekly in the near future.

New York, Sept. 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been a reader of your Weekly of weeklies ever since it was started, and I can say that it certainly is the "best" that ever was in print. I would like to ask you a few questions, but first I will give my measurements. Age, 15 years; height, 4 feet 11½ inches; weight, 100 pounds; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded, 32 inches; wrist, 6 inches; neck, 13 inches; waist, 26¼ inches; width of shoulders, 14 inches; calves, 12 inches; ankles, 8¼ inches; biceps, 9¼ inches. (1) What are my defects and how can I remedy them? (2) Have I the build of an athlete? (3) Is this daily routine of my life O. K.: I rise at 6 a. m. and take ten minutes of brisk exercise with two pound dumbbells. During the summer this was followed by a swim, but these cool

mornings I have some brisk exercise in the open-air gymnasium in the park, followed by a run to two mile trot on the cinder path. Then I take ten minutes of deep-breathing exercise. My breakfast consists of two plates of Force or Zest, with a banana. I am trying hard to stop drinking coffee and tea. I walk to and from work, which is about a mile and a half. Hoping to soon see this in print, I remain,

"A Will-be Athlete."

You are above the average for measurements; train that waist line down particularly. Your morning system of training is excellent, but take some of the deep breathing when you first get out of doors. Jump on the tea and coffee, and don't let them get higher up than your feet after this!

September 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly. I take the liberty of asking a few questions. I am 13 years 9 months old; 4 feet 8½ inches tall; weight, 75 pounds; neck, 11¾ inches; chest, normal 23½ inches, expanded 30½ inches; waist, 27½ inches; calf, 11 inches; knee, 12 inches; wrist, 5¾ inches. (1) Are these measurements very good? (2) How can I get larger muscles on my arms and legs? (3) What time should I go to bed and get up? I hope to hear from you very soon.

J. J. B., Jr.

Staten Island, N. Y.

(1) Measurements all right at your age. (2) Read Talks 44 and 45. (3) Retire at 8 and rise at 5 or a little later.

September 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all of the numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly and I think it is the king of all weeklies. I have been following your advice about the drinking of beverages and find that my health has improved. I never smoked a cigarette or took a chew of tobacco in my life. I am 15 years 4 months old; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 125 pounds; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 36 inches; waist, 26 inches; neck, 14¼ inches; wrist, 7½ inches; biceps, 12 inches; calves, 14 inches; ankle, 10½ inches. These are all taken stripped. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my defects? (3) How can I remedy them? (4) Is fencing with each hand good exercise? (5) And last, long life to the Frank Manley's Weekly publishers, authors, and also readers. I am

Yours truly,

"I. M. Satisfied."

P. S.—How long is it advisable to read at a time?

(1) Shake hands with yourself over your measurements! (2) None! (3) Just keep on following the advice in these pages. (4) Good for speed, not for strength, except in wrists. (5) Thank you!

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I think it is the best of its kind published. I would like to ask you about the development of my body. Here are my measurements: Age, 20 years; height, 5 feet 7¼ inches; weight, 140 pounds, stripped; neck, 14¼ inches; chest, normal 37½ inches, expanded 38½ inches; waist 31¼ inches; forearms, 11 inches; biceps, 13 inches; wrist, 7 inches; hips, 33 inches; calves, 13¼ inches. (1) Are my measurements good? (2) What exercise is advisable for me to take, as I have chicken breast? Thanking you in advance,

Theodore Carl.

(1) Measurements of a solid order, but waist is three inches too large and chest expansion is puny. (2) Unable to advise anything for "chicken breast," as that is outside domain of physical training. As to exercises, read Talks 44 and 45

Pembroke, Ont., Sept. 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read nearly all the numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly and I admire them very much. They are not only very entertaining, but also very instructive. I have been following your training instruction to the very letter, and I am

a big change in my physical condition and I use boxing gloves, trapeze, slack wire, light dumbbells, and jump through my hands backward and forward. I am using your exercise for the waist line. I run 100 yards in 12 seconds and three miles without being winded. I take the liberty of sending my measurements. Stripped, I stand 5 feet 6 inches; neck, 14½ inches; chest, contracted 32 inches, normal 34½ inches; expanded 37 inches; shoulders, 18 inches; both biceps, 10¼ to 12½ inches; both forearms, 10¼ inches; both wrists, 6¼ inches; waist, 29 inches; both thighs, 20 inches; calves, 13¼ inches; ankles, 8½ inches. I am practicing jiu-jitsu, and must say there is nothing better in the line of self-defense. My weight is 132 pounds. (1) How are my measurements? (2) My weak points and how to remedy them? Hoping to find this in print, I remain,

Your Faithful Reader.

Your measurements show the effects of your work, which, by the way, is excellently planned. You are above the standard in all respects, except that your waist line is still a shade above what it should be.

September 7, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I have read all your stories so far published, and have taken special interest in the "Talks on Training," I will take the liberty of writing you. My measurements are: Age, 16 years 11½ months; height (in stocking feet), 5 feet 3½ inches; weight, 110 pounds; chest, normal 33 inches, contracted 30 inches, expanded 35½ inches; across shoulders, 19 inches; neck, 13¼ inches; waist, 27 inches; hips, 31 inches; thighs, 19 inches; knees, 13 inches; just below knees, 12 inches; calves, 12½ inches; ankles, 9½ inches; forearm, 9¼ inches; biceps, normal 9 inches, flexed 10¼ inches; wrists, 6¼ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Please state my weak points and how to remedy them. (3) What line of athletics am I best suited for? (4) Is there hope of me growing any more? I do not use tobacco in any form, nor drink tea or coffee, nor eat any meat or greasy food. (5) What weight dumbbells should I use? Kindly answer these questions and oblige,

J. J.

(1) Measurements good, except that a little more chest expansion and two inches less of waist line are needed. (2) Read Talks 44 and 45. (3) Train for track work and jumping. (4) You should grow some inches higher. As you do not use meats or greasy foods, remember to use butter and vegetable oils somewhat freely, in order to get the necessary "fat" components of a good diet. (5) Two pounds!

Northville, Mich, Sept. 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As a constant reader of your great Weekly I take the liberty of sending you my measurements and asking you a few questions. I am 13 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weigh 129 pounds. The following are my measurements: Waist, 27 inches; hips, 32½ inches; thighs, 19 inches; calf, 14 inches; biceps, 12½ inches; forearm, 9½ inches; chest, expanded 34½ inches, contracted 30 inches; across shoulders, 18 inches; around shoulders, 40 inches. (1) How are my measurements in proportion, and in view of my age? (2) What should I weigh? (3) What is a good exercise to increase chest expansion? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

S. R. Penfield.

You are a "buster," and with faithful training you will become a powerful man. (2) You are but a pound or two under weight. (3) Chest expansion drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. Read Talks 44 and 45.

New York City, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have had the pleasure of reading all the numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, and I can truthfully say it is the king of weeklies. Will you kindly answer these questions, if they are in your line? (1) How old must I be to get a position as a wiper or assistant fireman? (2) Will you also tell me the proper place to go to put in an application? (3) I would like to increase my weight. Which is the quickest method? I think Frank Manley a model. He

has such a frank way that it would do a great many people a great deal of good to follow in his footsteps. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

A Steady Reader.

P. S.—Have not received an answer to the letter I wrote last, which was on July 2, 1905.

(1 and 2) Apply to superintendent motive power of any railroad. (3) There is no royal quick way. Eat plainly, using butter and oil in place of meat fats, chew all food to pulp before swallowing, drink no beverages with meals, but plenty of water between meals, and on rising and before retiring; get plenty of sleep, and exercise in open air as much as possible. All letters are answered in just the order that they are received at this office. No letter from a reader is overlooked or ignored.

New York, Sept. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

What course of training would you advise for a young man sixteen years old who endeavors to train for an athlete and attend to business at the same time? What would you advise him to eat in order to stop a pain in the left side when at work? I am a bookkeeper by profession, and leave home at seven in the morning and return at six-thirty in the evening, getting one hour for lunch; so you see that I have not much time to exercise, and it is for this reason I write you. I have no apparatus at home, except a wall machine. I have never taken training before this, but would like to take some. My measurements are as follows: Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 119 pounds; reach, 67 inches; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 33 1-8 inches; contracted 28½ inches; waist, 25 inches; neck, 13 inches; biceps, 9 inches; right forearm, 8 5-8 inches; left forearm, 8 7-8 inches; wrist, 6 inches; thigh, 17½ inches; calf, 12 5-8 inches; ankle, 8 inches. (1) How am I developed? (2) What are my defects? (3) How can I increase my biceps? These measures are taken naked, except weight. Wishing you and Frank Manley long life, I am

An admirer,

S. Burnes Solomon,

2027 Second Ave., New York City.

(1) You are on the "slim" order, but have a pretty good chest. (2) Twelve pounds under weight. (3) Dumbbells, Indian clubs, punching-bag and the Frank Manley bag drills. Read Talks 44 and 45 over very carefully.

Chicago, Sept. 3, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 13 years 9 months old; weigh about 83 pounds; height, 5 feet; across shoulders, 15 inches; chest, normal 29 inches, expanded 31¼ inches; waist, 28 inches; right biceps, expanded, 8½ inches; right wrist, 5 inches; right thigh, 16 inches; neck, 11½ inches. (1) I have a punching-bag. I take deep-breathing exercises every day. (2) How are my measurements? Is anything wrong? If so, please state remedy. I will close with three cheers for the Up and At 'Em Boys.

Yours truly,

C. B. J. P.

P. S.—Are these stories true? Where is Woodstock? I hope to see my letter in print.

Waist about five inches too large. Chest expansion can be improved. Measurements in general below standard. Go in for all-around exercises as outlined in Talks 44 and 45.

Paducah, Ky., Sept. 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just finished reading the first copy of Frank Manley's Weekly and find it one of the best published. I think it will help me in my gym. at school. I must close, wishing you success. I remain,

Yours truly,

L. H. G.

Thank you for your pleasant words. This Weekly is published for the purpose of aiding all boys who wish better health and more strength.

Dear Physical Director:

As I have not written to you before, I think it is about time for me to let off a little steam. I don't think that I had better try to praise the Weekly, because I can't find words fine enough for the purpose. I have just finished reading the

first number under the new name, and it is "all to the good." I am glad that the football stories will soon be out, because I am a great lover of that game. I want to ask a few questions, and then I will quit. How are my measurements? Age, 16 years; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 159 pounds; neck, 14½ inches; shoulder to shoulder, 19 inches; chest, normal 38 inches; expanded 41 inches; right bicep, 12½ inches; left bicep, 11½ inches; calves, 13½ inches; waist, 31 inches. I belong to the Y. M. C. A. and am trying hard to improve myself in every way. So, thanking you in advance, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

An Admirer.

Measurements are just about standard all the way through. Your chest expansion is good, but, you know, I am something of a "crank" on a good, big chest, so I suggest that you work for at least another half-inch of chest expansion.

Paris, Tenn., September 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Will you please answer a few questions and give me some information. Age, 16 years; height, 5 feet 2½ inches; weight, 102 pounds; neck, 12 inches; shoulders across, 16 inches; chest, normal, 30 inches; chest, expanded, 32½ inches; biceps, 9 inches; biceps, contracted, 10 inches; forearm 9 inches; wrist, 6¼ inches; waist, 28 inches; hips, 32 inches; thigh, 18 inches; calf, 12 inches; ankle, 7½ inches. Name my weak and strong points. I can run 60 yards in 7 seconds. What exercise would you advise for a weak back? Judging from my measurements what do you think I could play best on a football team and what would you advise me to try for on a track team? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

M. F. H.

Too much waist line and too little chest expansion. To strengthen your back, distance walking and running and some of the bag work described in the first few numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly. If you haven't a strong back, I would advise you to leave football alone for the present, and to go in for track work as a means of improving the back.

Tampa, Fla., September 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to ask you a few questions: I am 15 years 2 months old; height, 4 feet 11 inches; chest, expanded, 29 inches; normal, 27 inches; waist, 26 inches; shoulder, 16 inches; hips, 23 inches. (1) Please tell me if my measurements are good? (2) How much ought I weigh? (3) Tell me my weak points. (4) Is wrestling a good exercise? I think "The Young Athlete's Weekly" is the best boys' weekly published. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

Harry B. Austin.

(1) Waist much too large, and another inch of chest expansion needed. (2) About ninety pounds. (3) See 1. (4) of Course.

New York City, September 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your weekly since the first number and, therefore, wish you would answer the following questions. I am 16 years of age and am 5 feet 4 inches in height; weigh 117 pounds; neck, 15 inches; chest, 32-35 inches; biceps, 12 inches; forearm, 10 inches; waist 27 inches; wrist, 7 inches; thigh, 19 inches; calf, 14 inches. Records: Standing broad jump, 9 feet 1 inch; running broad jump, 17 feet; put 12-pound shot 39 feet 10 inches; 100-yard dash, 16 seconds. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak and strong points and how can I strengthen them? (3) How much should I weigh? (4) How are my records? How far ought I put the 12-pound shot. Hoping I will get an answer soon, I remain,

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G. W. W.

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